NOV. 12,
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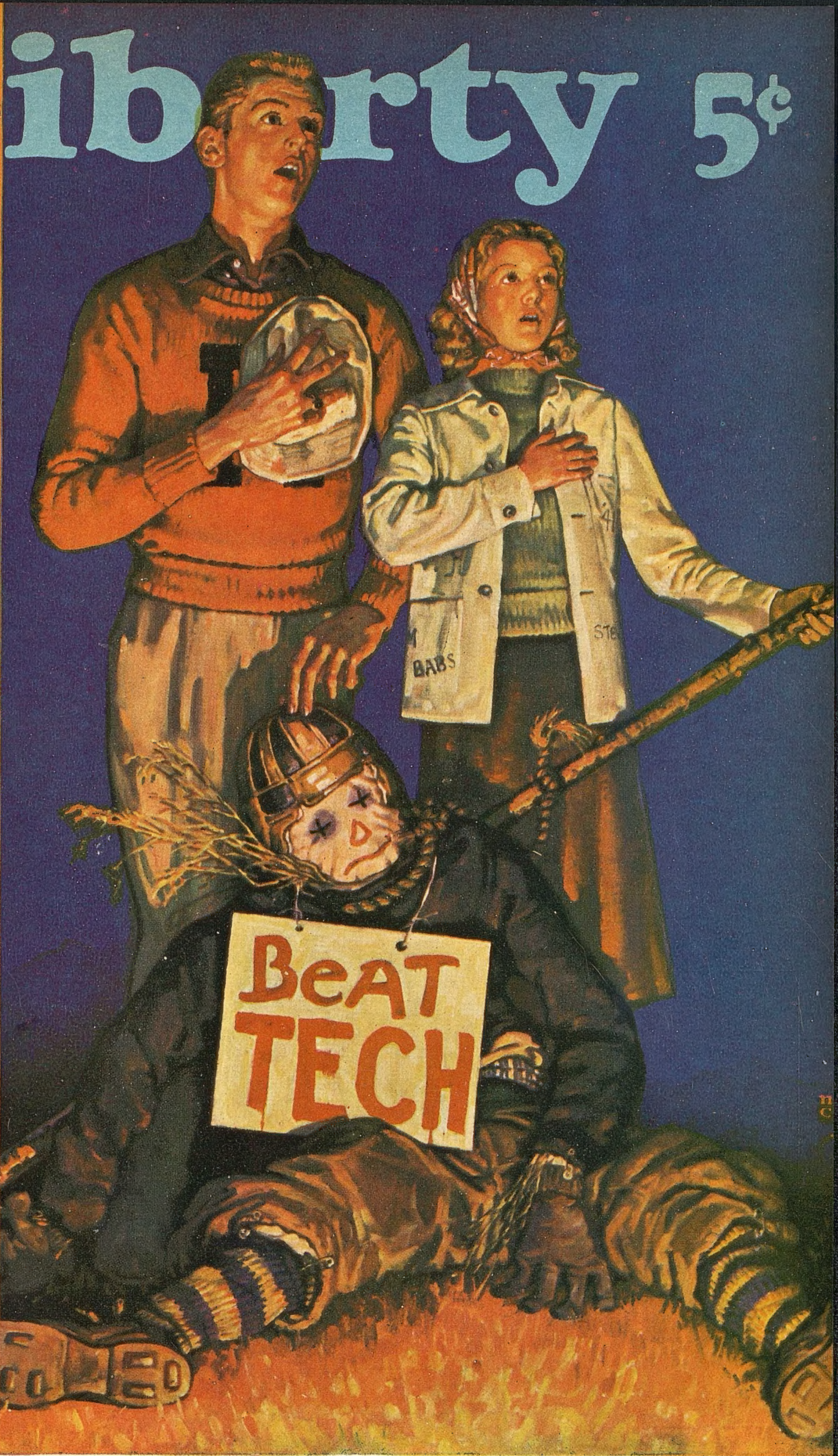

THE HIDDEN MASTER OF THE NEW DEAL

BY
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

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NEWS

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Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof, made by Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

Paul Jones

It's DRY . . . and every drop is WHISKEY!

NOVEMBER 12, 1938 Liberty VOL. 15, NO. 46

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

SHALL WE VOTE FOR THE NEW DEAL?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

WHAT has the New Deal done for us—or to us? Take your choice.

The New Deal has used the credit of the various states and borrowed billions of dollars—more than twenty. A part of this money was wisely used to relieve poverty that threatened starvation. Much of it was spent on jobs that were needless or could have been deferred.

The New Deal has destroyed the source of millions of jobs by its senseless attack on business—the source of jobs—catering to the labor vote.

And in borrowing this money with the credit of the various states the New Deal has mortgaged the holdings of every homeowner in the land. You may be saving money from your weekly wages to pay for a home; but, without your consent, Washington has borrowed up to nearly $1,000 on the average home, and these homeowners will have to pay this bill sometime . . . in taxes, direct or indirect, in the future.

And we have, right across the border line in Canada, a comparison that will be odious beyond description to the average New Dealer. That country had identically the same depression as ours to deal with, on a smaller scale, and its national indebtedness was not increased during this prolonged depression. And its unemployment record was reported at the end of last year to be better than it ever had been in the history of that country. And in all the numerous depressions that we have previously experienced no noticeable increase in our national indebtedness was ever required.

But Canada had no immature planners and crack-brained theorists, and the sit-down strikes in that country were stopped almost before they started. Canadian officials enforced the laws . . . which our New Deal officials failed to do. Our northern neighbors were guided by the same democratic principles that the United States has closely adhered to all through the years before the New Deal took charge of our affairs.

And if the present administration had respected the same policies it followed for the first five months . . . before the brain-trusters began their wild experiments . . . it is reasonably certain that our business situation would be as good or better than that which Canada boasts about at the present time.

We were the most lawless country in the world when the New Deal took over our governmental affairs, and Attorney General Cummings has accomplished remarkable results with his G-men; but, due to unchecked violence, strikes, and racketeering, lawlessness has been on the increase, and labo troubles have been at an all-time high almost throughout this entire period. The very means adopted by the New Deal for remedial purposes during this depression have in many instances aggravated our difficulties—made them far worse, as has been definitely indicated by the increase in our unemployment record.

When you go to the polls this election, be sure to give some consideration to the future. Business is the source of jobs. Business is the source of prosperity. Business must be encouraged, not scourged and attacked, if our ghastly unemployment situation is to be remedied.

Investors are in business for profit. Workers take jobs for profit—wages. If the government takes all the profit in taxes, there is nothing left for expansion or promotion, the source of new jobs.

There were many defects in our business system previous to the New Deal's airy-fairy schemes, but never throughout our entire history have we faced the dangerous situation with which we are now confronted.

Unless we can elect solid, substantial officials who are willing to keep their oath of office and support the Constitution which has given us our wealth and created a standard of living for workers higher than any other country in the world—unless such honest, capable officials can be elected to uphold our American principles, we are headed for the national scrap heap.

Vote for a fair deal and a square deal—for officials who are willing to help remedy the deplorable mess in which we are now foundering—the result of wild harum-scarum experiments indulged in by the New Deal theorists.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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THE HIDDEN MASTER of the New Deal

Unveiling the strange secret of an amazing prophecy — Did this man, in 1912, chart a course for Roosevelt?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN Franklin Roosevelt feels especially good about the way things are going, he says, smiling: "We planned it that way."

An awkward hush usually follows, for the hearer—whether lawmaker, news gatherer, or fireside dialer—knows that he is in the presence of an unsolved mystery.

We? Is the pronoun used in the editorial or Lindberghian sense? Or is there a silent partner lurking somewhere in the political woodwork? And if so, who is this Hidden Man of the New Deal?

Not one of the original brain trusters, surely—for they have long since ceased to be insiders.

Not "Dear Alben" Barkley or "Texas Jack" Garner or any of their confreres in the solemn Senate.

Indubitably not Al Smith!

But in all the speculation no one—not even one of those wartime correspondents who used the phrase so often in Woodrow Wilson's day—has thought of saying: "That little guy is in again!"

Yet in these paragraphs I expect to prove, by the evidence of his own hand, that the "little guy" who was Wilson's alter ego was also the progenitor—or at least the co-progenitor—of the Rooseveltian New Deal.

Some weeks ago I was spending a few days in a country house not far from Boston. My host, who had been called to town, had given me the run of his extensive library; and on the first evening after his departure I began a desultory sampling of the volumes. I pulled out an unpromising little blue-bound book, opened it at random at page 155, and began reading a speech by the hero of the book, who had apparently just had himself made absolute dictator of the United States:

"My fellow countrymen," the fellow began, "I feel sure that however much we may differ as to methods, there is no one within the sound of my voice who does not wish me well . . ."

I stopped in my sound tracks.

Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, I do not need to tell you, who have been on the receiving end of many a fireside chat, that if the salutation that opened that speech had been "My friends," the authorship of those first few words would be indisputable.

"We all agreed that a change had to be brought about," he continued, "for otherwise the cruel hand of avarice would have crushed out from us, and from our children, every semblance of freedom . . . Our constitution and laws served us well for the first hundred years of our existence, but under the conditions of today they are not only obsolete, but even grotesque . . ."

I turned quickly to the title page.

The name of the author was not given. Only the name of the book: Philip Dru: Administrator—A Story of Tomorrow. The copyright date was 1912!

I read the book straight through, stopping to ponder longest on the chapters headed The Prophet of a New Day, The Making of a President, A New Era at Washington, The Reform of the Judiciary, and The New National Constitution.

From cover to cover, if we except such details as the fact that the political revolution was achieved by bloodshed as well as by law and by a dictator instead of by a President, Philip Dru: Administrator was—or could have been—the New Deal Bible.

Quite as extraordinary as the similarity in literary and mental processes of the Administrator and the President was the similarity in the specific programs broached by the two men.

Beside me as I read was my host's copy of that monumental work in five volumes, The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt, which contrasted strangely in appearance—but only in appearance—with the slender octavo book which contained the public papers and addresses of Philip Dru.

For hours that night I compared the latter with the former, the scenario with the finished production. I shall not burden you with a retelling of the Roosevelt version of the story. It is in all our minds and on all our lips. But I ask you to compare a few planks that I found in the Philip Dru platform with the known objectives of the Rooseveltian New Deal.

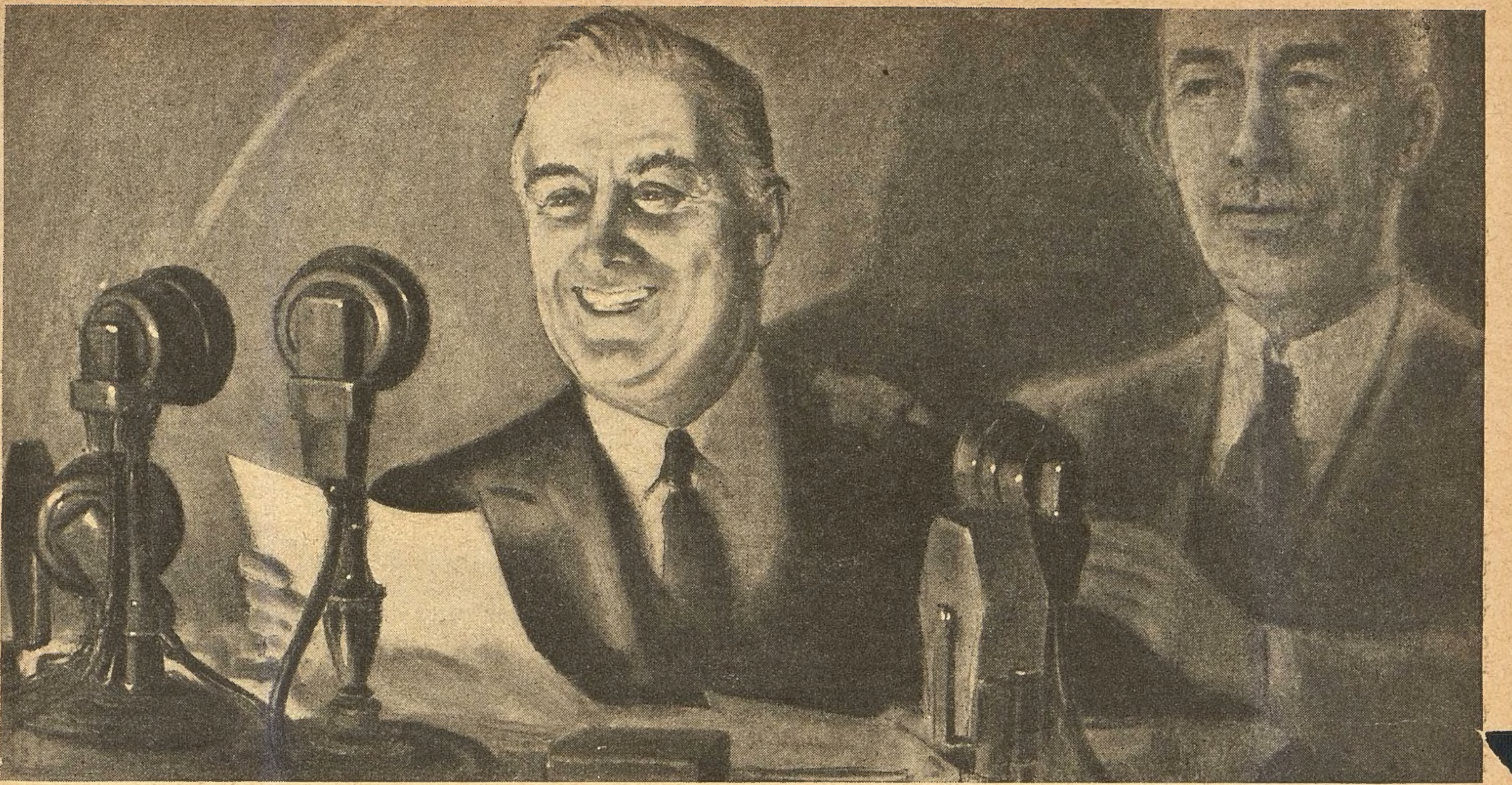
From the Dru platform:

"The policy of this government is that every man or woman who desires work shall have it, even if the government has to give it.

"I shall arrange that every indigent person that is honest and industrious shall be given employment by the Federal, State, County, or Municipal government.

"It shall in the future be unlawful for any employer of labor to require more than eight hours' work a day, and then only for six days a week.

"I wish it also understood that an adequate wage must be paid for labor. Labor is no longer to be classed as an inert commodity to be bought and sold by the law of supply and demand . . .



"If an attempt is made to reduce wages because of shorter hours or for any other cause, the employee shall have the right to go before a magistrate and demand that the wage be adjusted.

"Where there are a large number of employees affected, they can act through their unions or societies. This law shall be applicable to women as well as to men.

"Under my personal direction I am having prepared an old age pension law and also a laborers' insurance law, covering losses in case of illness, incapacity and death.

"I have a commission working on an efficient cooperative system of marketing the products of small farms and factories.

"I am also planning to inaugurate cooperative loan societies in every part of the Union."

And then, as if to bring his plans for the New Deal program right down to the summer of 1938:

"There is another matter to which I shall give my earnest attention, and that is the reformation of the study and practice of medicine."

Again and again the anonymous author came back to the subject of the Supreme Court.

"The Supreme Court is ever present with its Damoclean sword," Dru said on one occasion. "It is nearly impossible for the desires of our people to find expression into law."

Once in power, he lost no time in rectifying this state of things. "One of his first acts as Administrator was to call together five great lawyers, who had no objectionable corporate or private practice, and give to them the task of defining powers of all courts, both State and Federal."

Of course he couldn't have foreseen a coming together of Felix Frankfurter, Jim Landis, Ben Cohen, Tommy Corcoran, and Jerome Frank—or could he?

Under Dru's instructions the commission was to limit the power of the courts to the extent that they could no longer pass on the constitutionality of laws.

"Judges, both Federal and State, were to be appointed for life, subject to compulsory retirement at seventy."

"With the advice and assistance of a commission appointed for the purpose"—Dru was always appointing commissions—"he began the formulation of a new banking law, bottomed largely on commercial assets, the real wealth of the nation, instead of upon debt, as formerly."

The first known mention of a political discussion as a "fireside talk" occurred on page 254; and what we now call the SEC burst into life on page 215:

"Stock, cotton, and produce exchanges came under the ban of the Administrator's displeasure, and he indicated his intention of reforming them."

Especially harsh was Philip Dru—it is strange that he should have had a Dutch name, Dru!—in his criticism and regulation of public utilities.

"While the problem is complicated, its solution lies in the new financial system, together with the new system of control. . . .

"They [Dru's representatives] are to have full access to the books [of public utilities], and semi-annually each corporation is to be compelled to make public a full and a clear report, giving the receipts and expenditures, including salaries paid to high officials."

Not only were "Nation and State to share in the earnings" of utilities, but of all corporations. And listen to this:

"The Administrator insisted upon the prohibition of franchise to 'holding companies' . . . and those existing at that time, he asserted, should be dissolved."

It was very late when I finished comparing the little Dru book with the ponderous Roosevelt tomes. I suppose I had grown a trifle sleepy. When finally I rose—after trying in vain to identify the person who could have envisaged, twenty years before Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House, so many major objectives of the New Deal—I saw the little book lying there, front cover open and first white page exposed. On the latter was written in a familiar hand:

> To
>
> ______________ ______________
>
> who honors me with a request for this
> hastily and poorly expressed statement
> of my views in 1911.
>
> E. M. House.
>
> March 30th, 1932.

E. M. House—Colonel Edward M. House—the "little guy" who ruled the Wilson roost!

Of course!

There had been rumors during the war, I now recalled, that somewhere in this little gray man's past was an excursion into the field of fiction-writing. It didn't seem important then. I remembered that he had said nothing, as was his wont, but that his friends had denied it vigorously.

But here, in his own handwriting (and I have since verified it—was the acknowledgment that he had written this book—and what a book! And what memories came rushing back at the sight of that familiar scrawl!

I met the Colonel first in 1913 or 1914, when he came to the office that I then occupied with Norman Hapgood, editor of Harper's Weekly. With him came William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State in Wilson's Cabinet.

Many times since I have recalled the picture those two men made—House a negligible-looking little fellow, soft of voice and tread, encased in a protective coloring of gray hat, gray suit, gray overcoat, gray hair, gray skin; the Commoner a mighty man, tall, broad, handsome, commanding, with the voice of an oracle.

Within a few brief months Bryan was to be writing ingenuous, grandiose notes to the warring Powers and receiving disingenuous, grandiose notes in return. House was to be scurrying back and forth between the White House and the chancelleries of Europe, bearing whispered messages the true content of which may never be known, but which, as we all know now, shook the present and shaped the future of two hemispheres.

For a longer time than is given to most dictators, Edward Mandell House was the most powerful man in the world. After we entered the conflict I saw him many times, as did most writing men of those fervid days, in Washington, at the Peace Conference in Paris, in many of the other capitals of the world—a gliding, flitting, hovering, fugitive shadow of a man.

But none of us realized the power that he held in those tiny, almost feminine hands. To us he was simply Woodrow Wilson's human listening post. "Who is this Colonel House?" people would ask. All we knew was that he had come up from a Texas counting room to be the most popular American in Europe since Benjamin Franklin. Few at home knew even that.

Then came the end of the war, the great international letdown, and the break between House and Wilson. Almost before the general public was aware of House's existence as a national and world figure, he was gone—without hard words, without unseemly chuckles, as the Wilsonian ship of state, stripped of both skipper and pilot, floundered on the rocks of political disruption. Swiftly, mutely, mysteriously as he had come, the Colonel went, a dignified little man who held just claims to the respect of all who knew him.

Followed quiet years of study and travel; winters playing with his grandchildren on New York's socially impeccable Upper East Side; summers at his lovely home on Massachusetts' socially immaculate North Shore; a ponderous book now and then of correspondence and comment; an occasional scholarly magazine article, usually for publication in Liberty; then, a few months ago, death.

Since Colonel House's apparent retirement from public life and following his death there have been heard rumors that he was a Jew. This is an error. These rumors seem to have been based on the fact that his middle name was Mandell. My understanding of the matter is that Mandell was not a family name, but was given the infant Edward as a gesture of respect and affection for a much-loved family of Mandells who lived next door to the Houses in Houston, Texas.

THE belief that Colonel House's retirement from the political scene had not been so complete as is popularly supposed rests on a firm foundation of fact.

When he was professor emeritus in Schoolmaster Wilson's Washington academy of political science, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a modest but promising freshman. In the war years Wilson's adviser and the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy saw much of each other.

In New York, the Colonel's daughter had married into the Auchincloss family, whose forebears, like the President's, were early Dutch settlers. The Auchinclosses lived on East Seventieth Street, the Roosevelts on East Sixty-fifth Street, both near Park Avenue. The friendship between the two men and, after Mr. Roosevelt's departure for Albany, the friendship between Colonel House and the President's mother, continued.

After the first Roosevelt nomination at Chicago, the candidate went promptly to visit the Colonel in Massachusetts. The two men were photographed squinting happily into a summer sun. Word spread that the astute Mr. House, not the gum-chewing Mr. Farley, was to be the real manager of the Roosevelt campaign.

The friendly relations between the two former Wilsonians continued to receive frequent public mention up to and for some weeks after the new President's inauguration. Then—apparently—this ever-vanishing elder statesman passed out of the Rooseveltian scene.

The same thing, you may remember, happened in the case of Bernard M. Baruch, who had occupied the chair of finance and economics on the Wilson faculty, and who was confidently expected to become Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury or, later, head of the National Recovery Administration. Instead, Barney Baruch, to all appearances, also dropped off the political earth.

BUT when Barney's man Friday, Hugh Johnson, moved into the NRA job, we who thought we were in the know told each other that good old Barney preferred to pull his wires from behind the scenes.

When, however, Felix Frankfurter and not Edward House emerged as President Roosevelt's most highly publicized adviser on affairs of state, we didn't stop to think that good old House might be doing likewise.

Which wasn't very smart of us—as a further scanning of Philip Dru: Administrator will convincingly show.

For the importance of this book is not alone in the similarity of the specific program it outlines to the one now being followed, but also in the light it throws on the general political philosophy of a man who was admittedly, for nearly three decades, the intimate associate of the present President of the United States.

President Roosevelt may never have heard of Philip Dru, but for a quarter of a century he heard of and *from* Edward Mandell House; and it is inconceivable that he should not have been greatly influenced by this older man, already experienced in guiding the thoughts of Presidents, whose matured philosophy, as presented in his book, included such pronouncements as these:

"The moral tone and thought of the world is changing. . . . We are entering a new era. The past is no longer to be a guide to the future."

"We want to take the selfish equation out of our social fabric. We want to take away the sting from poverty, and we want envy to have no place in the world of our making."

"The tax on incomes of more than twenty thousand dollars a year . . . should be rapidly increased until a maximum of seventy percent is reached."

"Such a radical step [assuming the powers of a dictator] was necessary, in order to quickly purge the government of those abuses that had arisen, and give to it the form and purpose for which they had fought."

"The time had come . . . for the National Government to take upon itself some of the functions heretofore exclusively within the jurisdiction of the States."

"It was felt that the property and lives of all were now in the keeping of one man. . . . He came panoplied in justice and with the light of reason in his eyes. He came as the advocate of equal opportunity and he came with the power to enforce his will."

"The strong will help the weak, the rich will share with the poor, and it will not be called charity, but it will be known as justice."

"Free and unrestrained by barriers erected by the powerful for selfish purposes, there will lie open a glorious and contented future."

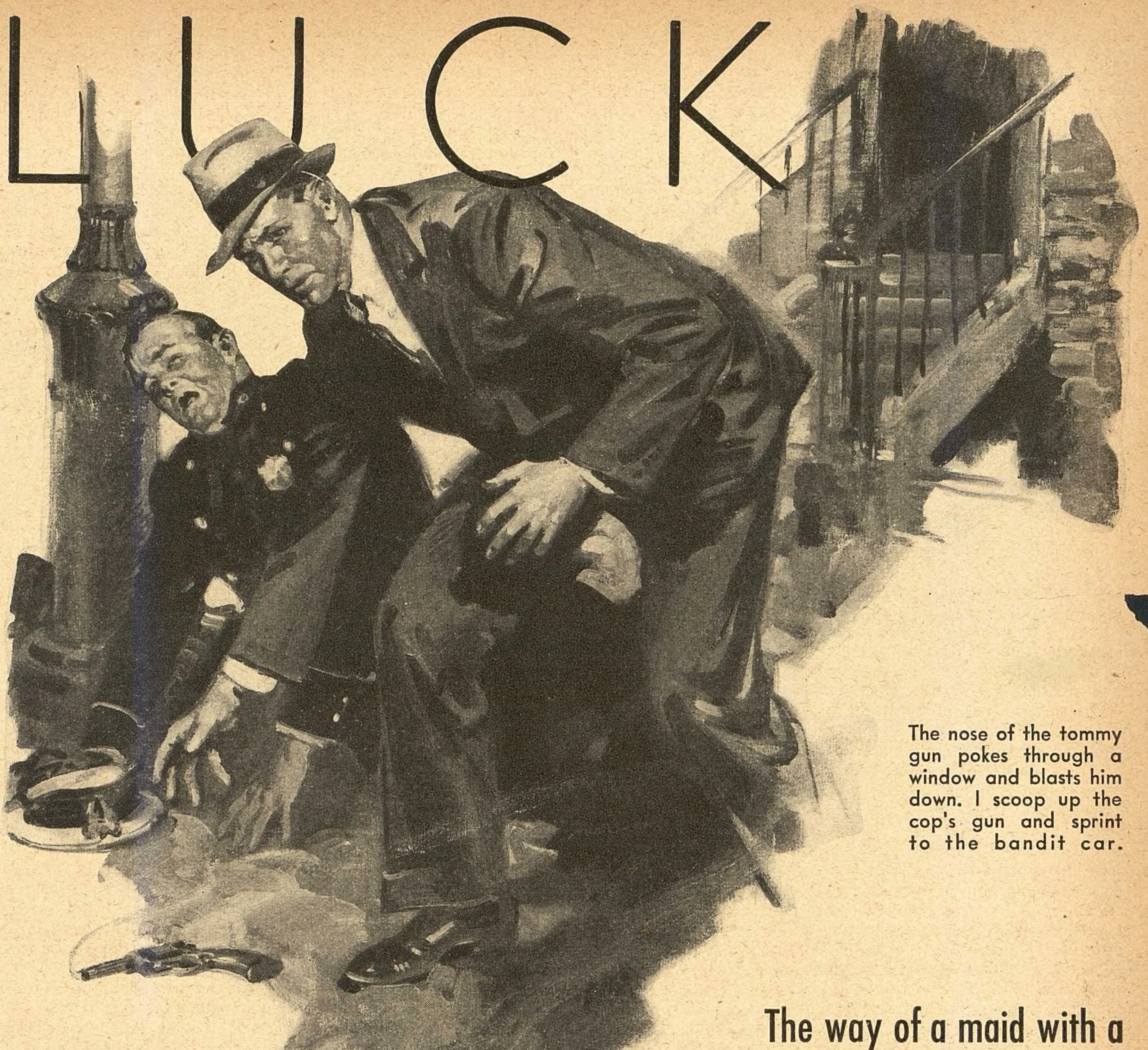
"He knew that in order to do what he had in mind, he would have to reckon with the habits and traditions of centuries, but, seeing clearly the task before him, he must needs become an iconoclast and accept the consequences. . . . He had it in his thoughts to do the work well, now that it had begun, and to permit no misplaced sentiment to deter him."

In other words, the conclusion seems inevitable that Edward Mandell House was, if not the father of the New Deal, at least the grandfather.

But there was one important difference between the situation in the book and the situation today: the readers of Grandfather House could turn to the last page and see how the story came out.

THE END

LUCK IS THE BUNK



The nose of the tommy gun pokes through a window and blasts him down. I scoop up the cop's gun and sprint to the bandit car.

The way of a maid with a man! The hilarious story of a whirlwind of trouble

BY WALTER DE STEIGUER

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

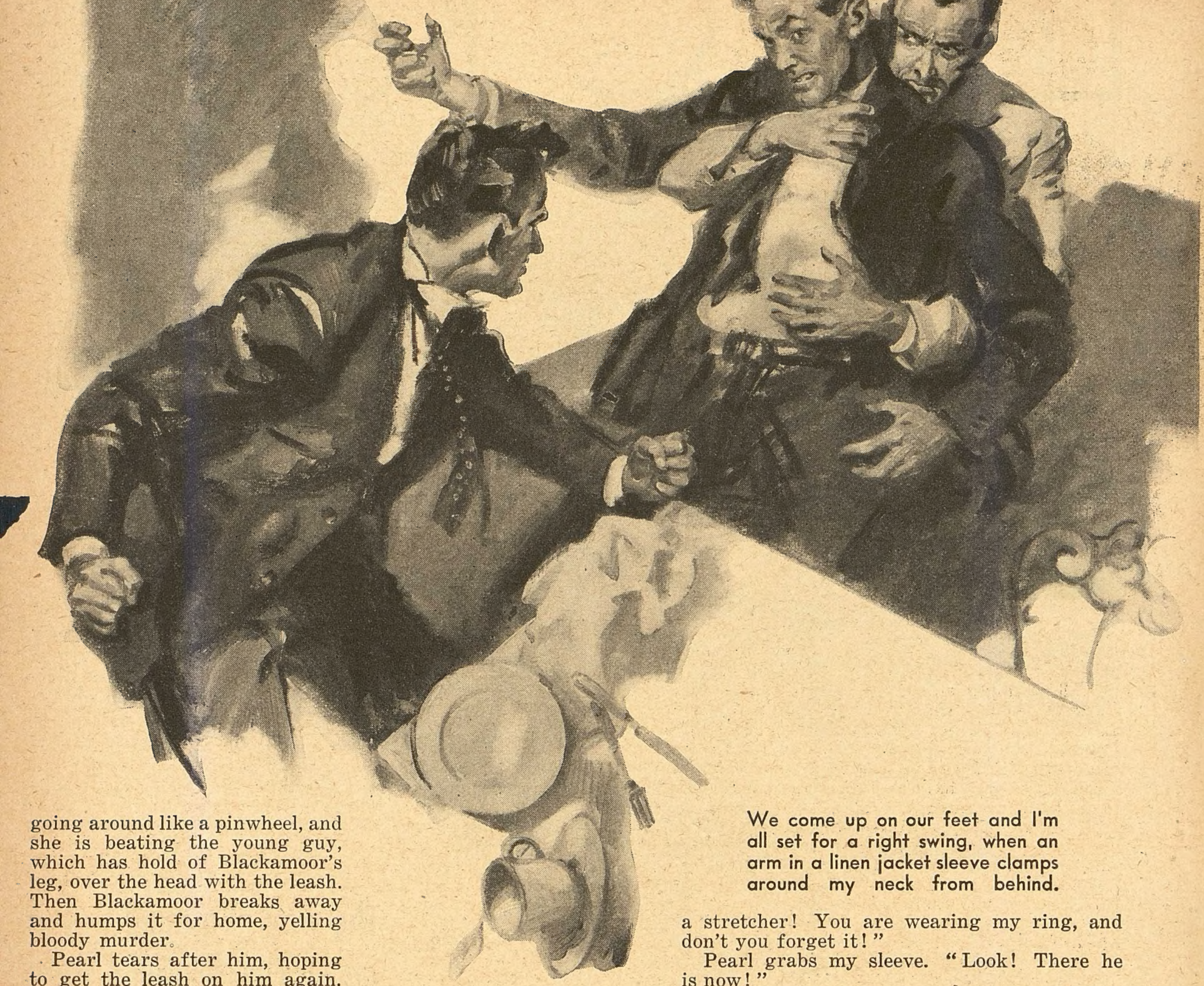
THE way it starts, Pearl phones me yesterday morning and asks have I got any prospects of a job yet.

Ed, after you have wore out shoe leather for two months, that is a question you get awful tired of hearing. I tell her no, and I am down to my last dime, in case she wants to know. So then she says there is no need to snap her head off about it, and to come over to the Sunset Cafeteria and she will stake me to breakfast, because she is blue and wants to see me.

While I am walking over to the cafeteria, it occurs to me to wonder what Pearl is doing there at nine o'clock in the morning, because she has a job with this Euclid Avenue social headlight, Mrs. J. Lessington Small, which has been writing a book about her ancestors for the last three years. It is easy work—just typing; except that Pearl gets very tired of hearing about the ancestors, and also of walking Mrs. Lessington Small's dog every afternoon, because he got bumped by an automobile once and is lame and must never be allowed off the leash when he goes out.

Well, it develops that Pearl has lost her job, too. The way it comes off, she is up the avenue with Blackamoor Second the afternoon before, out of sight of the Small mansion, and she breaks the rules by unsnapping the leash. She is sorry for him because he never gets to smell around by himself, the way a dog likes.

Blackamoor Second has stopped a few yards back at a interesting gatepost, and Pearl is strolling on, when she hears a car draw up behind her. She turns to see a young fellow of about twenty and a frizzle-haired old negro making a sneak on Blackamoor. Blackamoor jumps away, growling, and the pair make a dive for him. Before you can wink, they are mixed up on the sidewalk,



We come up on our feet and I'm all set for a right swing, when an arm in a linen jacket sleeve clamps around my neck from behind.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

going around like a pinwheel, and she is beating the young guy, which has hold of Blackamoor's leg, over the head with the leash. Then Blackamoor breaks away and humps it for home, yelling bloody murder.

Pearl tears after him, hoping to get the leash on him again, but the butler hears him coming and lets him in, and Pearl is out of a job before she hardly gets inside the door. Because Blackamoor Second is the apple of Mrs. J. Lessington Small's eye, and rules are rules where he is concerned. He has got a pedigree as long as your arm and more ancestors than she has, almost.

"Well," I say to Pearl, "at least you got money saved up. And if things get tough, you can live with your sister for a while."

"I guess I will have to," says Pearl. "Because what I had saved went for the doctor's bill for Nell's last baby. When I pay for our breakfast I will have all of fifteen cents left."

Ed, in the eight weeks since I smack my foreman and get fired from the wireworks, I have heard so much bad news that I am fed to the gills.

"But maybe it is all for the best," Pearl goes on. "Because listen, Jim. I went to Madame Zora last night for her Special de Luxe Séance, and the spirits say there is a dark handsome man coming into my life who will bring me happiness and riches. I wonder who he can be?"

"Listen, you dumb skirt!" I grit. "If any dark man except me comes into your life, he will go out of it on a stretcher! You are wearing my ring, and don't you forget it!"

Pearl grabs my sleeve. "Look! There he is now!"

I look up. A tall young guy with black hair is looking around for a table.

"Are you cuckoo?" I say to Pearl. "How do you know he is the one? Did the spirits show you a spook photograph or something?"

"Spirits? What are you talking about?" says Pearl. "I saw him, didn't I? I was standing right over him when he had Blackamoor by the leg."

The guy catches sight of Pearl, and stops in his tracks, with his face getting red. Then he comes up to our table, shifts his tray on to one palm, and takes off his hat. "Madam," he stutters, "I—I wanted to explain about that dog. We weren't— That is, I didn't realize—"

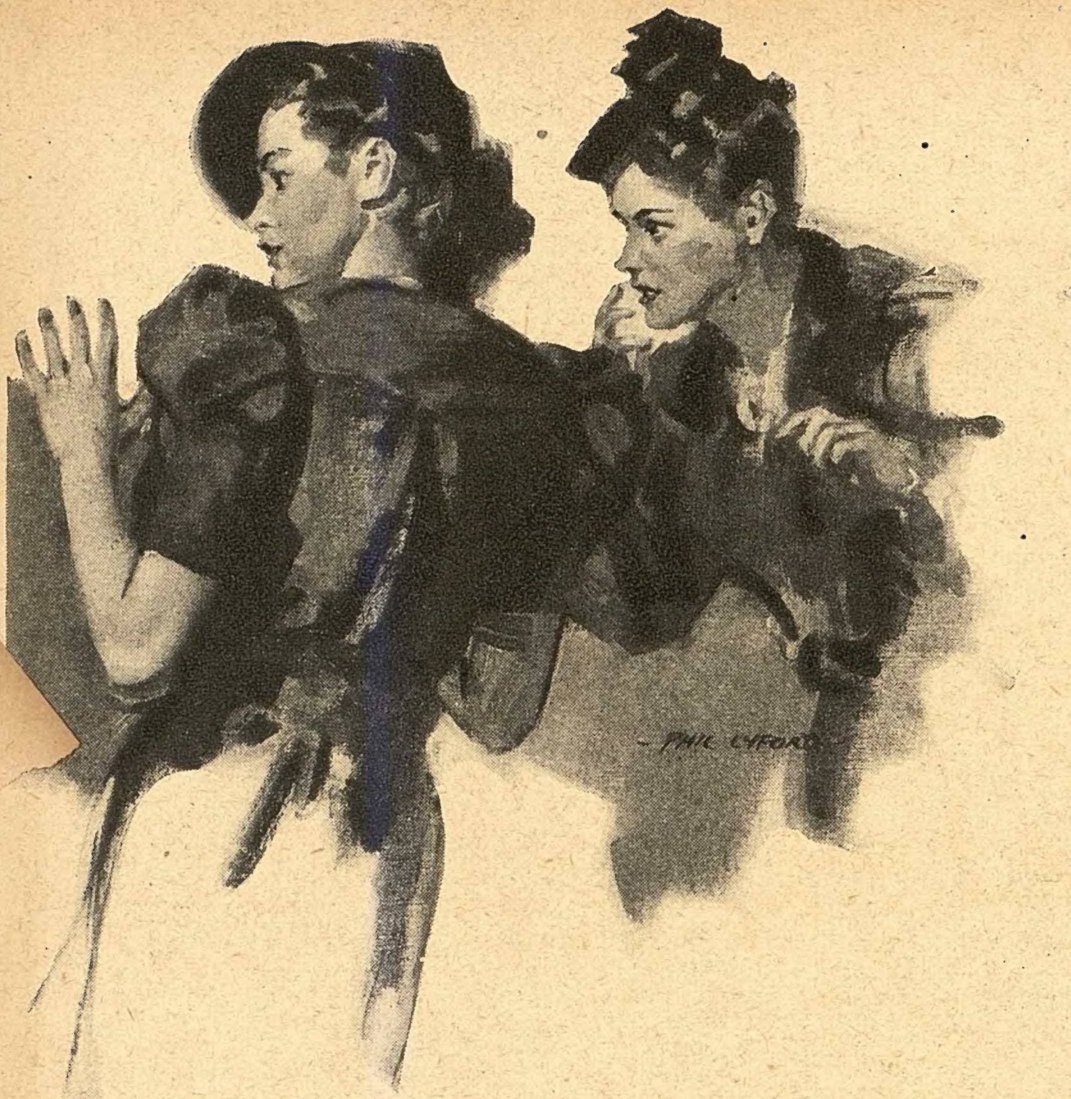
"Listen, you!" I say, getting up. "Scram! Beat it!"

"But I insist on explaining—" he begins again.

"You'll insist on getting your mush knocked lopsided, if you keep on," I tell him, jerking away from Pearl. I give him a shove. "On your way, you lousy dognaper!"

Well, Ed, he flings his tray into a party of four across the aisle and rushes, catching me with a long left. We both go back over the table behind me, and wind up under another table among a lot of feet and legs and dishes and mashed potatoes and creamed carrots and codfish cakes. We come up on our feet and I'm all set for a right swing, when an arm in a linen jacket sleeve clamps around my neck from behind.

Well, Ed, the next thing I know we are getting a free



ride to the station. They line us up at the desk, and our bail is a hundred bucks.

Well, it might as well of been a million for me. The black-haired guy thumbs a roll of bills and looks at me as if he is undecided about something, and for a minute I think I will take one last smack at him for good measure. But of course that is just a wish. They put me in a cell with three hard-looking mugs, and I begin trying to comb the creamed carrots out of my hair.

In about thirty minutes the turnkey comes by and unlocks the door. "All right, buddy," he says. "Your side-kick has put up for you."

I begin to think I am mixed up in something screwy, Ed. Because why would this guy try to knock me for a loop and then pungle up a hundred bucks to get me out of jail?

When I get to the sidewalk, there he is with Pearl.

"Now, Jim, behave!" says Pearl. "It is all a mistake. Mr. Carter is sorry for losing me my job and getting us into all this trouble, and wants to be friends."

"How about declaring an armistice?" says the guy, grinning at me. "And as none of us got to finish our breakfasts, I hope you'll be my guests at some other restaurant, while I get my apologizing done." He breaks off, looking worried, and begins going through his pockets.

"On second thoughts," he says, "I will amend my invitation, making the same good for bacon and eggs, which Juby will cook for us at the auto camp where I am sojourning. I have phoned him to bring my car, and he ought to be here any minute now."

I start to say I do not want any part of him or his bacon and eggs, but Pearl drags me to one side. "Will you behave?" she hisses. "Don't you see it is working out just like the spirits said? And besides, you had no business jumping on him like that."

Can you tie that, Ed? Dames!

A blue sedan with Alabama license plates stops at the curb, and an old dinge which is four shades blacker than black gets out and runs up to this Carter. "Good Lawd, what happened, Mistuh Charlie?" he says.

"We—ah—had a slight misunderstanding with the authorities, Juby," says Carter. "But never mind. These are two friends of mine, and we all need food." He turns to us. "How about it?"

"We'll be very pleased, I'm sure," says Pearl, giving my arm a yank.

Well, Ed, my spirit was broken. I just climbed into the back seat without saying a word.

We drive out White Horse Road a couple of miles and stop before a cabin in a auto camp at the edge of town. We all get out and Carter sticks a key into the door. He pushes it open, and a smell you could cut into chunks and throw over your shoulder bulges out.

"Good Lord!" he says. "What—guh!"

This Juby rushes in, grabs a rag, opens the stove oven, and fishes out a tin plate. He brings it out, holding it as far from his nose as he can, and puts it on top of the trash incinerator beside the cabin.

"It's de toad," he says, looking kind of sullen. "I had him on de roof, but he wasn't drying good. He was getting pretty high. So after you leave this morning, I figure I better put him in de oven and hurry him along. I forget him when you scare de daylights out of me, telling me to come to de po-lice station after you."

"Excuse me," Carter says to us. "I'll raise some windows to air out while Juby gets going on the eggs."

I grab Pearl's arm. "Are you satisfied now?" I hiss in her ear. "We are mixed up with a pair of lunatics! Let's get out of here!"

She shakes me off. "Jim Donohue, will you quit pestering me? Can't you see it is getting more spiritual every minute?"

Before I can reply, Carter calls us in.

I try to block Pearl off, but she dodges around me. So of course I have to follow.

"I—uh—I suppose all this looks a bit queer, until you understand it," says Carter. "You see, an old-time friend of our family who was exceedingly kind to us after my father's death is in financial difficulties. My mother and I could scrape up only five hundred dollars, so I came up here to play the races at your track, hoping to get the four thousand this friend must have by next Monday. But it has not turned out very well. In fact, I have not cashed a single bet, and Juby—"

JUBY wheels around and points at him with a fork he is using to turn the bacon. "Maybe you believe what Mammy Luce say now!" he says. "'Cause de big trouble come, just like she tell me! I bet them po-lice ain't leave you money enough to buy de gas home." You can see he is wound up good. "Day before us starts up here, I stop at Mammy Luce's cabin to find out how de signs point. Mammy Luce got second sight. She says, 'Juby, de signs is bad. It look like Mistuh Charlie lose heavy at de race track. Then de worst trouble of all come. I ain't see it plain, but it plumb ruin him, 'less'n you stop it by doing like I say.'

"Then she tell me how to make de luck bag, and I start to get de things together. I get de bat wing and de hoot-owl claw and de snake skin and de spider, and all de rest 'cep'n two things what I ain't got time for before us starts. One of 'em is de dried toad. I cotch a toad under de light pole yonder first night us gets here, and I been trying to dry him ever since. De yuther thing we got to have is two hairs from de tail of a lame black dog. Missy, you wouldn't believe how scarce lame black dogs is! I look this town high and low. Then, yesterday afternoon we sees de genuwine article at last, and try for de hairs. But Mistuh Charlie don't put no real heart into it, and de dog bust loose."

He forks out the bacon and begins breaking eggs into the skillet. "Well, I done de best *I* could," he says, kind of grumbling to himself. "Mis' Sally say I must come along and see Mistuh Charlie don't get in no trouble. But a body can't do *everything* by his own self."

Carter is red in the face. "That's enough, Juby," he says. "Our difficulties don't interest anybody else."

Juby dishes up the food, and we eat. Pearl does not put out a word, and that makes me nervous. Because, Ed, when a woman tries to think, it brings on trouble for everybody.

Finally she turns to Carter. "Look. Why don't we go ahead and fix that luck charm?" she asks. "What can we lose? Maybe it will work for us. In fact," she says, "I have private reasons which practically convince me it will. All we need is two hairs out of Blackamoor's tail. Listen. Day before yesterday the Better Dogs of America Magazine people telephoned about getting a picture of Blackamoor Second for the November issue. They are sending photographers this afternoon, and Mrs. Small is expecting them." She whirls on Carter. "Have you got any sort of a camera with you?"

"Well," he says, "I believe I have—a small one."

"Goody!" says Pearl. "You and Jim are the Better Dogs photographers, see? You work the camera while Jim gets at Blackamoor's tail by pretending to pose him, or something."

Well, Ed, I will not repeat all the arguments Carter and I put up. We lose all of them.

On the way, Carter and Pearl buy a copy of this Better Dogs Magazine, for credentials, sort of, and Carter has to borrow a nickel from Pearl, because the bail matter has left him with cash assets of thirty cents. We park half a block past the Small house, so nobody will lamp Pearl, and she and Juby stay in the car.

Mrs. J. Lessington Small is cordial to Carter and me, as publicity for Blackamoor Second is evidently right up her alley. But Blackamoor takes one look at Carter and dives under a sofa, growling. He remembers Carter from the day before.

"Why, how strange!" says Mrs. J. Lessington Small. "Blackamoor is the friendliest dog in the world usually!"

"Perhaps he is — ha-ha! — camera-shy, Mrs. Small," says Carter. "In fact, we find that the more highly bred dogs, those with delicate nervous systems, usually are. Poindexter," he says to me, "if you will entice Blackamoor into the open spaces, I think we will pose him on this table."

WANTED
BUTCH GURK
$1000
REWARD

"Daddy!"

I get down on my hands and knees and talk sweet and low to Blackamoor, but he sticks under the sofa and tells me where I can go. He will not come out even for Mrs. J. Lessington Small, which remarks a couple of times more how strange it is.

Then the butler appears in the doorway. "Madam," he says, giving me and Carter a nasty look, "there are two other persons at the door who insist they are the photographers from the Better Dogs of America Magazine. Shall I admit them?"

I shoot an arm under the sofa and drag Blackamoor out. For a second I have him in my arms, but his tail is against my chest, and before I can reverse him he clamps on to my thumb. I give a yell and shake him loose, and he goes out the door like a bat out of Hades.

The idea of leaving occurs to me and Carter practically simultaneous. We tear to the front door and bust through the photographers which are waiting outside. As we leap into our car, I look back. The butler is waving his arms from the steps, and the camera guys are running for their car. We take the first corner on two wheels, because they are after us.

Ed, we turn every corner we come to with our rubber screaming and hopping sideways. Each time I look back, the camera guys are just coming into sight. We slue into Holmes Avenue and straighten out, doing sixty, and at the next corner is a cop directing traffic in the center of the street.

It is probably that cop which saves us, by stopping the camera guys we have not been able to shake. We make a right turn behind his back, and I hear his whistle screeching as we do the next block in nothing flat and skid left into a cross street, missing a furniture van by two inches. We zigzag a dozen blocks more, do half a mile straightaway, whirl into a street lined with junk yards—and there our right rear tire goes out with a bang. Carter fights the car to a stop alongside the curb.

We all climb out and stand, looking at the tire.

Pearl punches me in the ribs. "Well, did you get them?" she asks.

"Get what?" I say.

"The two hairs out of Blackamoor's tail, stupid!"

Ed, I have never smacked a woman yet, but there is times when it is a awful temptation.

"No!" I yell at her. "And, furthermore, I am absolutely fed up with this cockeyed business! You can count me out from now on!" I turn to Carter. "Let's get rolling! I'll jack up while you get the spare ready."

Carter points at the blowout with his toe. "That's the spare," he says. "I blew the regular tire last night. I was expecting to buy a new one today." He looks at Juby. "Have you got any money, Juby?"

"Nossuh," says Juby.

Carter laughs and kicks a half brick from the gutter out into the street. "Well, happy days!" he says.

PEARL suddenly grabs my hand. "Jim! You're hurt!" She takes out her handkerchief and begins bandaging my thumb. Then she stops and stares at me. "That looks like a dogbite! Did you have hold of Blackamoor?"

"Well, we have a-hold of each other for about a second," I tell her.

She reaches up and picks something off my coat. It is a black hair about two inches long. "Stand still!" she says. "Let me look! Here's another one, caught under a button. Jim, I believe they're from his tail! They look too long for his body coat!"

"For de Lawd, don't lose them hairs, missy!" Juby says. He hauls out a little bag, opens it, and holds it out to Pearl. "Put 'em in here with de yuther things. Careful!"

Pearl stuffs the hairs into the bag and he pulls the drawstrings and ties them in a hard knot. Then he holds the bag out to Carter. "Mistuh Charlie," he says, "I knows you don't take no stock in it. But you try it, just for old Juby."

"All right, Juby," Carter says, sticking the bag in his pocket. "I guess I owe you that much. And if Mammy Luce gets us out of this jam, I'll say she's a honey!"

Ed, the words is hardly out of his mouth when a truck stacked with auto-wheel casings comes tearing around the corner. One rear wheel hits the half brick which Carter kicks into the street two minutes before. The rear end of the truck hops up, a tire bounces over the tail gate and rolls to our feet. The truck goes on down the street.

Carter reaches down and flops the tire over, to look at the wrapper label.

"A fifty-fifty-seventeen," he says. "Our size. But of course it would be."

He walks into the street, brings back the half brick and drops it into the front seat of his car.

"What is the idea?" Pearl asks.

"Why, in my old age I will be telling this story to the little ones clustered about my knee," he says. "If I do not have the original brickbat to show them, they may not believe me. Now, where is a new inner tube coming from?" He looks up at the sky.

Across the street is a beer and pool joint, with a slot machine just inside the entrance. A guy which is standing in front of the machine contributes several times, without no returns, and then sticks his hands into his pockets and mopes off down the street.

Pearl fishes up the dime she has left in her handbag. "Go on over there and collect the price of an inner tube," she says to Carter.

He sticks the dime into the slot and pulls the lever. The machine gives a consumptive cough, and dimes begin clattering into the little metal cup. It fills up and overflows. Carter snatches off his hat and holds it underneath, raking out the dimes, which keeps on coming.

WALTER DE STEIGUER

a Missourian by birth, has in recent years lived mostly in California where he has been engaged in manufacturing. He is a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. During the war he was a captain of Air Service and Chief Engineer Officer at Forth Worth, Texas.

A big beef in a dirty apron comes tearing out from behind the counter. "Hey!" he yells. "Lay off! That machine is out of order!"

"And how!" I tell him. "Back away, grease ball, before you get yourself into the same fix!" The beef grabs a billiard cue from a customer which is looking on popeyed. "You heard me!" he snarls.

Carter catches my elbow. "Hold it!" he says. "Let's keep out of trouble for five minutes and see what it feels like." He pulls me back to where Juby and Pearl are watching, and begins counting the take.

"Eleven dollars and seventy cents," says Carter. "Comrades, on to the races! One for all, all for one, and a four-way split on the swag—right?"

We throw the new casing into the car and trundle to a service station at the next corner. A pump monkey comes up.

"Give us a new tube and stick that casing on," says Carter. "Step on it, because we are due at the track, and every race we miss is costing us money."

The monkey looks us over. "If that is how you view it," he says, "why not talk to the boss? He has track connections which would place your bets. That way, you already have a stake waiting when you get there."

Pearl and I and Carter step into the office. A chunky guy with a cauliflower ear takes his feet off a desk and gives us a careful once-over. Carter says we are philanthropists interested in improving the strain of the thoroughbred and would like to back our judgment.

"Oke," says the guy. "The second is coming up. What do you like?"

"Aldebaran," says Carter. "On the nose."

"You won't get much of a price," says the guy, reaching for a telephone. "Too many other people like him."

"Do we win more if we bet on a horse that nobody likes?" asks Pearl.

The guy spits into a box of sawdust. "Lady," he says, "I guess the daily double is what you are looking for."

"What is that?"

"You bet on two horses at once," Carter explains. "One to win in the second race, and the other to win in the fifth."

"Do we win more that way than any other way?"

"Well, if the angels have you by the hand, maybe," says Carter. "It is only about a hundred times harder to guess right."

"That does not matter to us," says Pearl. "What are we fooling around for?"

Carter pulls out the luck bag and hands it to her. "You pick them," he says. "I am unworthy. When it came to the test, my faith was not pure."

"What is this?" says the guy to Carter. "A gag?"

"No, it is what we call the Afro-American Sure-Thing System," says Carter.

For the daily double Pearl picks two caterpillars named Midnight and Dark Child, as she says those names are right. In the third, fourth, and sixth there is no brunet horses, so she goes for the longest shot in each race. That uses up all the dimes except what we need for the inner tube and our track admissions.

The chunky guy does his telephoning and writes out four tickets. "Sam Bruno will cash you at the track, when and if," he says, handing them to Pearl. "I thank you all kindly. Come in any time you are loose."

We are clear across town from the track, so we have to fight the business district traffic. As we come up Ninth Street to Central Avenue, the cop at the intersection turns his back and spreads his arms.

Pearl has been trying to get a race broadcast on the car radio. As Carter pulls to a stop, she reaches down and gives the knobs another twist.

A voice roars out: "Attention, all cars! Pick up a dark-blue sedan with Alabama license plates. Warrant is held for driver and companion. Both men are young, tall, black-haired—"

Carter makes a lunge and snaps off the switch, but too late. The traffic cop lamps our license plate, and steps to the window. He looks us over.

"Thanks for the tip, buddy," he says to Carter. "Make a left turn, slow, and pull up at the curb." He follows beside us with his hands on the butt of his gun. At the curb he makes us get out and stand in front of the car, while he unlocks a report box and begins talking into a telephone.

"Well, it was good clean fun while it lasted," Carter says. "See you in—"

A racket busts loose that sounds like a hundred-horsepower woodpecker working on a empty boiler. I look up Central, and see four men backing out of the Central Avenue Bank entrance. One has a tommy gun, and two others are jabbing automatics into the ribs of a fat old guy, hustling him along. From the street center the tommy-gun artist lets off another burst at the bank door. A sedan slides up and its door swings open. The bandits shove the fat guy in, leap after him, and the sedan flashes down Central toward us.

People are diving into doorways, flattening themselves against walls—women screaming, men yelling—zowie! Carter jumps to the side of his car. Our cop is in the street, throwing down on the bandit car. His gun barks once, and the nose of the tommy gun pokes through a window and blasts him down.

Carter is winding up like a pitcher. As the sedan flashes past, he lets go with that half brick. It sails through the window and smacks the driver. The sedan slues, smashes into a wall, and flops on its side.

They tell me I scoop up the cop's gun and sprint to the bandit car. The first thing I remember is the gat exploding in my hand, and the tommy-gun artist sinking back slow, and two minutes later there is enough cops on hand to win a war.

Well, that is the low-down on it, Ed. I got to go now. Chief Horrigan tells me to come down for my physical exam this afternoon. Yeh, for the force. Jim Donohue a copper! Can you feature that, Ed? Oh, well, I wouldn't know, but the chief tells me I got talent. . . .

Our police troubles? Oh, Chief Horrigan squares the cafeteria, and it happens the fat old guy which is kidnaped is the one man in the world which can square Mrs. J. Lessington Small. He is Mr. J. Lessington Small. . . .

Yeh, president of that Central Avenue Bank. That is why they vote us the two-thousand-buck reward—for saving him and a sackful of their greenbacks. The bandits is the Dutch Bogan gang which is wanted on a federal rap, with five thousand dollars out for Dutch and three thousand dollars apiece for the other three. So it looks like we split sixteen thousand dollars four ways. . . .

Well, I have not made any plans about my cut, Ed. Pearl tells me she is going to take care of it. You know how it is, Ed—you got to humor them at first. . . .

Sure, I thought I had told you. She is Mrs. Jim since noon today. . . .

The luck bag? Juby takes it back to Alabama, and he is welcome. That stuff is just ignorance and superstition, Ed. It is the bunk. It is lousy. Pearl and me are off it for life. Why, we lose every one of those race bets!

THE END

Debunking the Immorality

For sons and daughters and parents of 1938—A heartening look at the other side of a much-discussed "problem"

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. C. HIGHSMITH

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I NEVER rent my cabins to 'overnight honeymooners.' It has been two years since any of them have asked me for one. Girls are more serious than they used to be. There isn't as much petting going on as there was several years ago."

This is what W. O. Gibson, the fifty-year-old proprietor of the Log Cabin Tourist Camp near Wooster, Ohio, told me. I had been watching thirty or forty of the neighborhood youngsters dancing at his establishment, and had been marveling at the good spirits they were generating from potions of coca-cola and pop.

"They like to dance and cut up," continued Mr. Gibson. "They drink mostly soft drinks, some of them a little beer. Once in a while a fellow brings in a bottle of hard liquor. That isn't often. They don't seem to like it, and not many of them can afford it. Besides, we don't allow it here. The girls are different nowadays; they have lots of sense and seem to be thinking more about getting married than anything else."

These observations were based on twenty years' experience in running tourist camps and roadside stands. I found them to be a just commentary on the attitude and manners of young people in other parts of the country.

For six months I have been touring the United States in my trailer, making a survey of economic conditions. I have been up and down the highways and byways of forty states; I have visited scores of great cities, hundreds of large towns, thousands of hamlets, and passed through countless acres of farmland. I have talked to thousands in all sections and have watched our people at work and play.

Before I left on this nation-wide trip I had read lurid accounts in newspapers and popular magazines of widespread immorality in tourist camps, orgies in roadside taverns, and frightful conditions in dance halls. Our young people were depicted as having abandoned all restraint and indulging in a saturnalia of vice and sensuality.

This I found to be not true. Emphatically not!

All through my trip I have been particularly observant of the young people I have seen in dance halls, roadhouses, cocktail lounges, national and state parks, mountain resorts, athletic fields, and in all other places where they were free to play and disport themselves as they wished. My conclusion is that the natural and healthy exuberance of our youth is being misjudged by badly informed or evil-minded critics.

For the most part, it is the flaming youth of early prohibition and World War days who are condemning the youngsters of today. They fail to realize that the young people now maturing have profited by their errors and indiscretions and have gone back to the standards of the Victorian era. These so-called youngsters have a healthier and more rational understanding of sex questions than those of more prurient and hypocritical generations. With minds sharpened and toughened in the crucible of the great depression, they have taken heed from the mistakes of their elders and unhesitatingly accept the counsel of countless bygone generations. They eagerly embrace the age-old wisdom of our race and regard monogamy, children, and a home as a matter of course. Premarital relations are considered a mistake but a matter of interest only to those directly concerned.

In Detroit, at the Eastwood Gardens, truly an amazing place, I saw four thousand couples dancing to the strains of Ozzie Nelson's excellent music, which was carried to all parts of the open-air dance floor by loud-speakers. They were a fine-looking crowd, suitably dressed, with a surprising percentage of really pretty girls. The admission charge was fifty cents. Only beer and soft drinks were sold. All were conducting themselves decorously and I did not notice one drunken person.

The assistant manager informed me that he had some trouble with the younger element with regard to their manner of dancing. The shag, jig, and pirouette were not allowed. Any caught dancing these steps were immediately advised by ushers to stop or leave. He explained that he catered to a conservative clientele, but that he did not want to be too harsh on the younger element, for they too in a few years might grow up sufficiently to become welcome customers of the establishment. As the average age of the conservative clientele who filled the dance floor was about twenty-one or twenty-two, I wondered what was the age of the younger element. The music stopped at one o'clock.

Here was a cross section of the working classes of Detroit having, for a modest charge, a really good time, and conducting themselves in a much more mannerly fashion than a dance crowd at Palm Beach, Southampton, Newport, or a small New York night club.

In Michigan no cross-table dancing is permitted in

# of MODERN YOUTH

They were a fine-looking crowd, suitably dressed, with a surprising percentage of pretty girls.

licensed taverns, which means that gentlemen may not approach ladies at other tables with requests to dance.

In Ohio a twelve-o'clock closing law was in effect in nearly all places of entertainment, including dance halls. Boisterous language and drunken behavior are promptly squelched.

All through the Middle and Far West the prevailing dress for girls is shorts, slacks, and beach pajamas in a wide variety of patterns and colors. Their street and dinner clothes are noticeably less chic than those of girls of New York and other Eastern cities, but they look healthier, bigger, and more natural. All the boys and girls throughout the West seem to be busy with games and outdoor sports. Everywhere they are playing tennis and golf, swimming, sailing, horseback riding. Their attendance at night clubs and barrooms is surprisingly small.

Dancing and the movies are the principal evening diversions. A night club, with its necessarily mediocre floor show, holds little for them as compared with the vastly superior spectacles the movies present. Their abstemiousness makes sitting around a barroom pointless. With the radio, other music has become superfluous.

Throughout the New England states, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and to a lesser degree in the Northwest, fishing and camping parties seem to be all the rage. The banks of all the lakes, rivers, and streams in or bordering these states are filled with eager fishermen of all ages and almost equally divided as to sex. They are camped in tents, automobiles, house-cars, trailers, and every other conceivable form of shelter.

In eastern Canada I found the youngsters more conservative even than in the States. Men without women are served beer and wine seated at a table in the " Men's Beverage Room." In Toronto on Sundays there are no newspapers, no movies, no drinking, no dancing, and only religious music on the radio. The principal amusement is strolling in Sunnyside Park or listening to the Salvation Army services. In all the villages of Ontario and Quebec the sexes seem to keep well apart unless they are engaged, except when they attend the weekly dance.

This is more or less true in the United States also, where the kids are more often in groups of four or six. There does not appear to be a great deal of pairing off unless the relationship is concerned with approaching marriage.

In the Cumberland Mountains of the South I ran into a group of six girls from a town in southern Virginia, where each of them worked at jobs which paid an average of fifteen dollars a week. They had saved up for some months for the one week's vacation they were now taking in a rented cottage. All six were sweet, well mannered, neatly dressed, healthy-looking girls of about twenty-one. They were wistfully bemoaning the fact that they had not gone to another resort forty miles away. The one they were staying at was quite pleasant in all respects, except for the almost complete lack of beaux. The other resort, they had learned, was amply supplied with personable young men, and the girls over there never had a dull moment.

I was very much struck by the philosophy behind their remarks. They had evidently come from a town in which there was a dearth of eligible young men. What they wanted, and wanted desperately, was a romance which would lead in the not too distant future to marriage, a home, children. The jobs they were holding were merely a steppingstone to that end.

It is truly amazing the way America's youngsters crowd the great national parks. Yosemite, Yellowstone, Glacier, and Rainier are filled with the youth of both sexes, entirely satisfied with the simple and unsophisticated recreations these natural paradises offer. Our youngsters are seeking the woods and fields, the lakes and rivers, and are harking back to the trails blazed by their pioneer forefathers.

As far as immorality in tourist camps is concerned, from my observations in fifty-nine camps, there is so little as to be practically nonexistent. The wickedness in roadside taverns is so well masked that it will take a keener detector than I to ferret it out. Such patronage as the night clubs had consisted, with few exceptions, of remarkably restrained couples. The night clubs of a few large centers, notably Chicago, were filled with hostesses of varying degrees of attractiveness and moral standards. They present a commercial phase quite beside the present discussion.

The youngsters themselves, as I have said, consider moral laxness in general as a mistake, an error in judgment by the participants. Any censure on their part is governed by the circumstances. Nothing concerning the action is considered irredeemable or unforgivable. An attitude far removed from the prattle about soul-searing, eternally damned consequences which used to be indulged in by smug, stiff-necked, but colossally ignorant people.

No, America is in good hands. The generation now growing into manhood and womanhood is well able to carry on. Their keener minds, better nourished and more vigorous bodies, coupled with a more rational approach to the problems of everyday living, should make it easy and natural for them to improve their standards of living, smooth out the economic maladjustments, and increase the joys and satisfactions of life in our happy land.

The youth of today appreciate the priceless heritage being handed over to their care. They recognize the achievements of their sturdy ancestors and fully realize how much more fortunate they are than the youth of other lands and ages.

THE END

THE CHALLENGE

Liberty gives you the fighting creed of a fearless young man whose political star is now suddenly, swiftly rising

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHO is this man Dewey?

We know, of course, that he has been Special Prosecutor of Rackets in New York City, that he is now District Attorney of New York County, and that he is the Republican candidate for Governor of New York State.

We know that he is a good lawyer, a great investigator, a man who knows not fear.

We know that at thirty-six he seems to hold the political future in his hands.

But what do we really know of him—of his mind and how it works?

Dewey himself has heretofore kept his nose so close to the criminal grindstone that he has had no time for sounding off. He has refused fabulous offers to talk on the radio, refused inviting opportunities to address organizations and institutions throughout the country.

He doesn't wear his mind on his sleeve. The only way to get at it is to dig for it—and that is just what has been done. Dewey's few public utterances have been raked and combed—a sentence here, a paragraph there, with a connective word or phrase when absolutely needed—to make what we believe to be the first comprehensive statement of the political philosophy of this remarkable young man. And here it is:

THE era of cynical contempt of the law is at an end. But, in the final analysis, law enforcement alone will not solve the problem of crime. No less important is the need to get at causes. We need to create a healthy environment in our political, economic, and social life. There are economic, social, and political crimes as well as legal crimes.

With a few notable exceptions, the great cities of America are still controlled by political bosses. We have made great strides in popular education concerning the federal government. But we still lack the force or willingness to dramatize the power of the people to procure good local government for themselves.

If we want decent government in America, we must begin at home. Our people turn out every four years for a great national referendum, but almost half of them ignore their own local elections.

After all, who nominates and maintains in office those who administer the federal government? Every one knows that the powerful political machines of our great cities dominate, in many instances, the states in which they are situated. The voice of the local boss speaks with authority at national conventions and is heard in the Congress. The political roots of the national government will always be deeply embedded in our powerful local organizations. Today some of these are the notorious machines of Frank Hague, Tom Pendergast, Kelly-Nash, and one called Tammany Hall.

So long as municipal government is mishandled, we have no reasonable right to expect its counterpart in Washington to be much different or better. Regardless of the party in power, we must first clean up our own back yards.

To attain good government, sacrifices must be made. Personal friendships or financial relationships must come second and political freedom first. The establishment of an honorable administration of municipal affairs must be placed ahead of party politics or economic and social beliefs. . . .

And here, also in Dewey's own words, are his general conclusions anent the deeper whys and wherefores of rackets and racketeering and what to do about them:

I believe that the struggle between organized society and organized crime is slowly reaching a crisis. It is time the community undertook to save itself.

Any criminal operation which pours millions into the coffers of organized crime is a continuing menace to the community, because, with such a war chest, organized crime has the means of corrupting public officials and buying immunity from punishment.

Organized crime? Thirty years ago we could safely say that there was no such thing. The American criminal was a free lance. True, once in a long time some robber or band of robbers became famous. There were even small-time gangs in some of our large cities. But today we have criminal syndicates with interests in many cities. There are few illegal enterprises which have not become a part of the empire of organized crime.

And yet, in law enforcement, we are still thinking in primitive terms of apprehending the footpad and the ruffian.

From the public addresses

Compiled by FREDERICK LEWIS

When our present methods of prosecution were developed, it was the accepted idea that to catch the criminal and imprison him served the dual purpose of warning others and of punishing the guilty man. That is still true of the criminal who operates alone. It is the furthest thing from the truth when you are dealing with organized crime.

In any racket, we may find the man who threw the stink bomb or the man who made the threat or the man who took the money on the extortion. We may even catch the murderer. And what have we got when he is caught? In every case it has been my experience that we have only a salaried worker in the vineyard of crime. His arrest and conviction will not stop the racket.

The racketeer and his armies are the menace and the problem. Rarely is the racketeer a man who would burglarize your home or pick your pocket. He is usually a quiet, well dressed citizen who may or may not have a criminal record, but who now studiously avoids the commission of any ordinary crimes.

The important racketeer may and does live in the very best hotels and apartment houses, often with his wife and family. He is on excellent terms with some political leaders. He may and usually does operate one or more ostensibly legitimate businesses. He may sit next to you

TO DECENCY

at dinner; and your children may play with his in the most exclusive private schools. He presents no police problem; he carries no gun; and he would not think of personally committing a crime of violence.

All he does is direct others who direct still others in the operation of what we call a racket.

Now, " racket " is a much abused word. Everything by which anybody profits is being called a " racket." The real meaning of the word is the regular extortion of moneys from business men, workers, and others by means of bullets, force, terror and fear. Where organized crime invades a field, subjugates and organizes it, and exacts its regular toll, a racket exists.

There is today scarcely a business in a great city like New York which does not somehow pay its tribute to the underworld. There is certainly not a family which does not pay its share of tribute to the underworld every day it lives and with every meal it eats.

Most racketeers operate in disguise. The first step in organizing a racket is to make it look like a legitimate business. Rackets differ mainly in the different false faces they wear. The object is always the same.

# of THOMAS E. DEWEY

The racket is found in its crudest form in the many vegetable, fish, and other food markets. There the racketeer frequently calls himself a " watchman." For regular pay from the business men in the market, he agrees to protect them from himself. Sometimes the business man gets stubborn and won't pay, and sometimes he finds he simply can't.

It is always a case of pay up or take the consequences. They follow swiftly. Truck tires are slashed in the night, fresh vegetables and fish are soaked with gasoline or stolen, customers are intimidated, employees are beaten up, plate-glass windows are broken, and often whole stores are completely wrecked. The business man starts paying if he can, or closes his business if he cannot pay. Tragically enough, many business men have reached the cynical conclusion that rackets cannot be broken up. They keep their own counsel and fight their losing battle. I do not agree with that philosophy.

In some industries, organized crime has actually been invited by certain groups of business men to " organize," as they call it, in the industry. Some merchants find they cannot make as much profit as they would like. They decide to " organize " the industry to raise prices, at the expense of the public. Legitimate trade associations cannot and will not serve their purpose. The result has been the organization in many industries of pretended trade associations which are in fact nothing but cloaks for racketeers. Sometimes the greedy business man starts the association; sometimes the racketeers start it for their own purposes and force it on the industry. The result is always the same. The business man and the public pay, and the racketeers take the profits.

Here is racketeering in its most effective disguise and its most modern form. The association is set up as a corporation, with a constitution, bylaws, and full legal window dressing. A few members of the industry are bribed or intimidated into becoming officers as front men for the racketeers. It is announced that the association will save the industry from trade abuses and gather information for legitimate trade purposes. On the side it is hinted that the association will protect members from labor-union troubles.

Business men are first politely urged to join. If a business man does not join promptly, more powerful methods are brought to bear. If he surrenders and joins, as he almost always does, he starts out by paying heavy dues—and from then on he pays and pays.

No intelligent man can fail to support enthusiastically the cause of organized labor. Neither business nor labor can prosper unless business is fair to organized labor and labor, by collective bargaining, can enforce its demands for decent living conditions and a fair wage. It would indeed be a calamity if a few gangs of thugs, masquerading as labor-union delegates, should discredit the cause of organized labor in this country. The public must not be allowed to believe that organized labor is represented by those few unions in which union delegates have become criminals, or criminals have been made into union delegates.

What I have said about a few labor unions and business men has been by way of illustration of the problem. Any attempt to generalize either about unions or business would lead to false conclusions as to the responsibility of either group where an industrial racket is concerned, and any general denunciation of either group by interested parties may be dismissed as partisan.

No racket can develop and exist if its every act is recorded, studied, and ultimately exposed as part of a complete picture. Except in three or four cities, there is no agency for that purpose. There is not a single person or bureau in the decrepit machinery of law enforcement which makes any effort to collect such material. It is also a curious fact that the federal government takes a regular census of the respectable people, but no one has ever attempted a census of the criminal underworld.

A day-to-day record of the thousands of cases which are constantly going in and out of the courts, the police stations, and the prosecutors' offices, kept in one place and studied by experts, will provide the first intelligent effort to handle this problem.

There is only one way to stamp out crime. Every case must be the steppingstone to get at the real man behind the scenes. The little fellow should be urged to testify against his master and he must then be protected and helped. Once a criminal has been persuaded in his own interest to take the side of society, experience shows that he is unlikely to return to crime. More than that, he becomes an outcast from the criminal underworld.

The time has come when citizens must insist upon a thorough revision of the machinery of law enforcement.

You can quickly recognize the new approach when it appears. No longer will you be told of the number of petty criminals who have been marched into jails and then out again, the worse for the experience. You will hear then that those minor criminals have become of real help to the community. You will hear that they are put on probation and given the aid of society in reward for their services, and you may also hear of their ultimate rehabilitation in society.

You will no longer hear of special drives on a particular type of crime. Instead you will hear of petty criminals regularly turning state's evidence and coming over to the side of the people; of the arrest and indictment of their masters; and of the use of the accumulated information to wipe out whole combines of crime.

When these things happen you will know that your homes and your children are safer and that real progress is being made in combating our criminal problem.

THE END

THAT'S MY

BY DOUGLAS "WRONG-WAY" CORRIGAN

Corrigan's tragic youth! A poignant record of shadow and light in the early days of a boy who flew to fame

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

On August 25, 1938, Texas honored a native son. Douglas Corrigan, born thirty-one years before in Galveston, rode to tumultuous cheers through the streets of San Antonio. As a boy, the man whose spectacular "wrong-way" flight had landed him in Ireland and on countless front pages, had sold newspapers on those same streets.

The Corrigans moved to San Antonio when Douglas was six. Clyde Corrigan, who had been a construction engineer, made a good living for a time building houses. He also owned a sweetshop. When reverses came, he quietly decamped, leaving his wife with three children and his debts.

Mrs. Corrigan, who had been a schoolteacher before her marriage, took a larger house and rented rooms. Douglas, older by a year than his brother, Harry, and by four years than his sister, Evelyn, helped by selling newspapers after school. Betweentimes he played and nursed his secret ambitions which, at various periods, ran toward railroad engineering, big-league pitching, and banking.

In 1919, Mrs. Corrigan decided that Los Angeles might offer better opportunities in the roominghouse business than San Antonio did, so prepared to take her little family west.

PART TWO—FUN . . AND A SUDDEN SORROW

THE day finally came when everything was ready for us to leave San Antonio for our journey to Los Angeles. Mother had put up some lunches to last the first two days on the train. She and little Evelyn carried them, while Harry and I carried the four suitcases, which was easy for us, being eleven and twelve years old respectively.

We got settled in our seats in the day coach, and as the train started moving toward the setting sun and California we waved good-by to the place that had been our home from 1913 to 1919. The next day we passed lots of cattle grazing on the rolling plains, and the next day it was a little warmer and the ground somewhat dry and sandy. The third day out it was really hot, especially when the train stopped at Yuma, Arizona, and we bought ice-cream cones which melted and ran out at the bottom of the cone faster than we could eat them.

Crossing the Colorado River into California the countryside changed from sand to green crops, but just for a short while. Soon there was nothing but sand and hot winds again, but then came the real California.

It was the night before reaching Los Angeles that the train stopped at Beaumont and a lot of girls got on the train with big baskets of cherries which they distributed among their passengers, free. Say, if this kept up it was going to be better than we expected. But it didn't keep up—they just happened to have an extra big crop and were using it to advertise.

After looking around Los Angeles, mother leased a small roominghouse at 1243 South Hope Street. Harry and I went to summer school the next two months at Eighth Street and Grand Avenue, thereby finishing up the seventh grade for me and the fifth grade for Harry.

The part of downtown Los Angeles that interested us kids most was the big markets and numerous fruit stands. We used to go with mother to carry her shopping bags and also to try to talk her into buying nothing but cake, fruit, and candy. Not far from the Grand Central market on Hill Street was a little railway car that was pulled up and down the hillside on a cable. The seats were built on a slant, so that as the car stood on the side of the hill the seats stayed level. The car itself was never on the level. The name of the railway was the Angels' Flight. It sure looked steep and high, much too steep for me to want to ride on it.

Just before the regular school year started, mother took over a larger roominghouse at 2400 West Seventh Street, directly opposite Westlake Park. As this place had more rooms and therefore a larger income, it wasn't necessary for me to sell papers, so I helped mother around the house after school and on Saturdays, painting, cleaning up, etc.

The school in that district with an eighth grade was the Virgil Intermediate School at First and Vermont. It was far enough from home so that I had to ride the streetcar each way. The yellow streetcars had no doors and there were handles by the steps, so it was possible to get on and off while the car was going, which was very handy. Every afternoon when school let out I would hurry over to the car track and then wait until the most crowded car came along. You see, if the car was full of kids, with more on the steps, you could then hang on the bumper out back, and the conductor couldn't reach you to collect your fare.

Virgil Intermediate School was a big new stucco building with all concrete floors and had a nice big yard with a grove of eucalyptus trees. Under the trees were a lot of benches where some of the kids ate their lunch. Mine usually consisted of one hot dog or one ice-cream cone, depending on if the day was cold or hot. While at Virgil I used to play on the softball team occasionally, but hardly ever got a hit, so gave it up.

Of all the boys and girls I must have known while there, the only names I can remember now are: Richard Newmark, Jack Robinson, Leigh Thornton, Frances Mills, Edith Thornton, Louise Clark, and Lois Wilson. The reason I remember these was because they sat closest

STORY

to me in class; the girls were too close in fact, but I never let them know it.

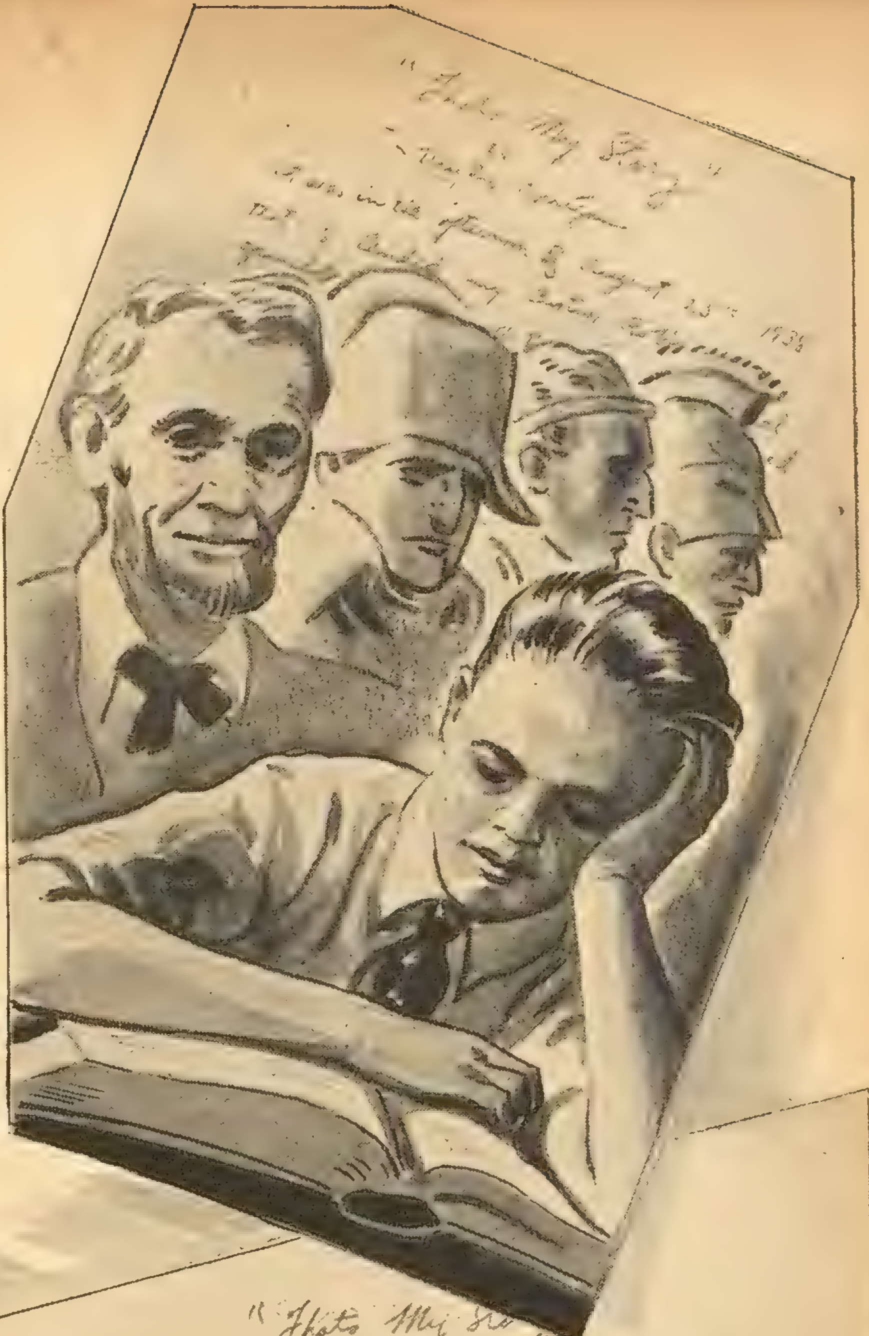
In my studies I was fair in arithmetic, poor in geography, and poor in English. It was in history that I made the best marks. Caesar and Alexander and Napoleon were great men, but Lincoln was my favorite.

Westlake Park was a swell place to sail small boats on Sundays. Harry, myself, and little sister Evelyn were over there quite often. The boathouse was located on the Seventh Street side then, and there was no Wilshire Boulevard across the lake to divide it in half.

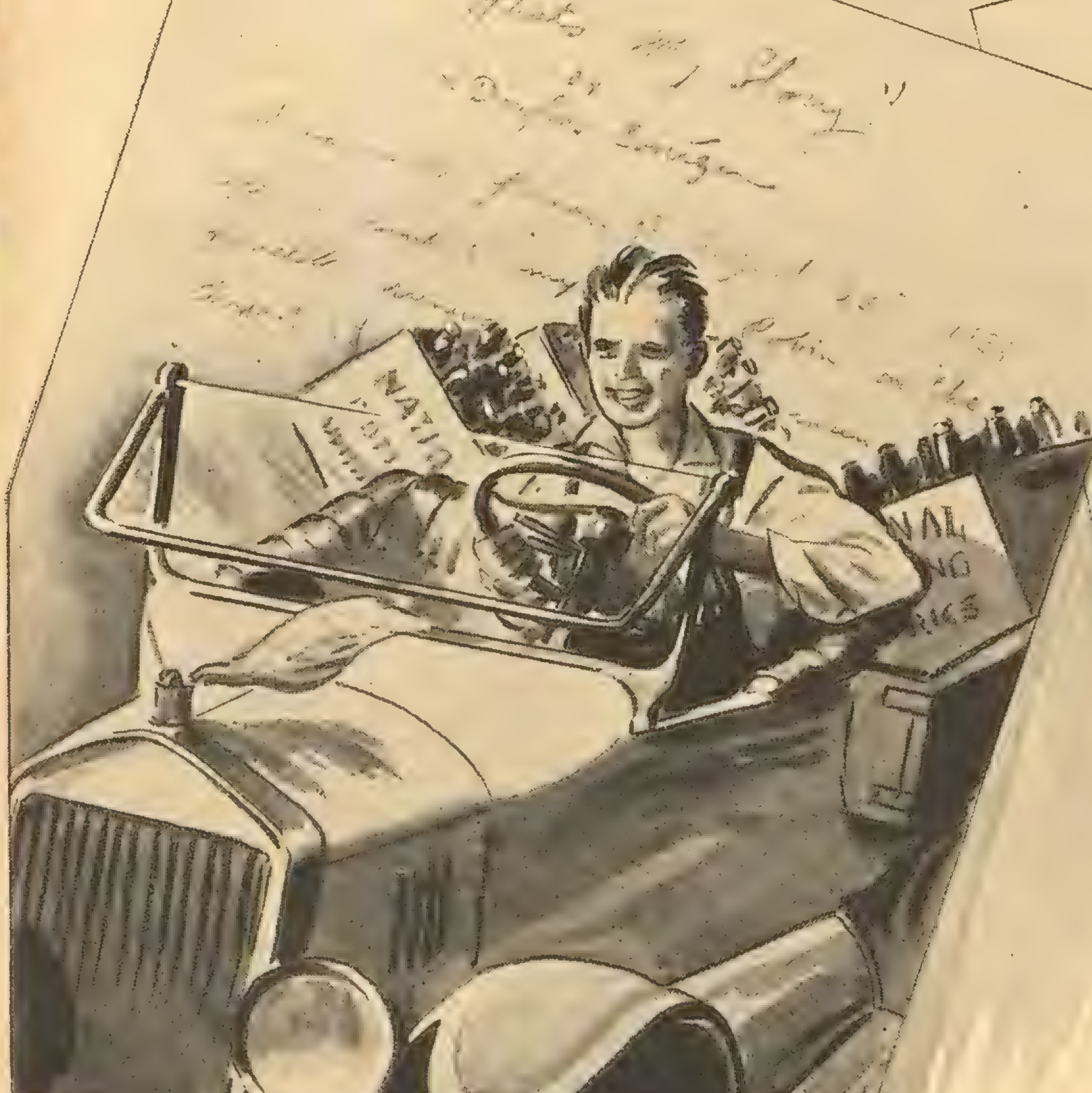
Other Sundays, mother, Harry, and Evelyn would take a lunch with them and go down to Long Beach or Venice. Mother always tried to talk me into going along, but for me it seemed more fun to stay at home and read a book or magazine and, while reading, imagine it was myself doing everything in the book.

About the time the school term ended, that June of 1920, mother took sick and had to give up the house on West Seventh Street because it was too much work. So she found a smaller place at 2701 South Grand Avenue.

With nothing to do, now that summer had come, I looked around and found a job washing apricots and string beans in the Woolacott cannery at Seventh and Alameda streets. It didn't take much brains; all you had to do was pick up the box of apricots and throw them in a trough of water and then take them out the other end of the trough. Fresh water kept running in, and the extra water drained out at one end, with the leaves and twigs, etc., floating on the surface.


"That's My Story"
by
Douglas Corrigan

Illustrated by
Earl Winslow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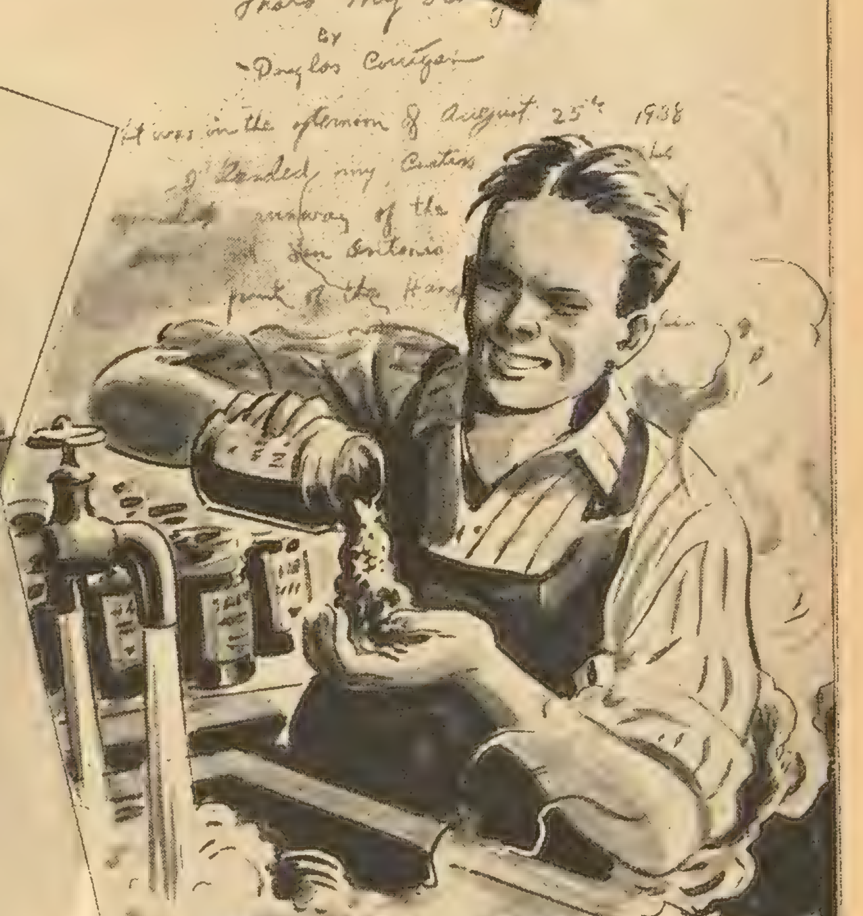
"That's My Sto
by
Douglas Corrigan
It was in the afternoon of August 25th 1938
I landed my Curtiss
runway of the
San Antonio
front of the Hang

Then they put me to washing bottles where the strawberry jam was made. Every chance I got I'd go down to the other end of the line, where the bottles were already filled, and take another look to see for sure I had got the bottles clean. Sometimes I would even dump the jam out to try to find any dirt in the bottle. Of course I didn't want to throw the jam on the floor and, as there was no place else handy, I'd just empty the jam into my mouth, so I could see if the jar was clean of course. They paid me eight dollars a week for that! The company went broke just about the time school started again.

But I didn't go back to school in Los Angeles. Mother's health had got worse. The doctor decided she had cancer, and would need an operation. That being the case, mother decided she wanted to be with her foster mother, who lived in Tarentum, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. So she sold the roominghouse, and we all got on a train again, this time headed east. Mother decided to visit her sister Ida on the way, so we stopped at Fulton, Kentucky. Uncle George Alverson was baggagemaster there.

Douglas, with his Corrigan grandparents.

Our cousin, Evelyn Alverson, was just through high school then, being four years older than I was. While in Fulton she was the one that cooked our breakfast for us and washed our faces in the morning. One part of her job we thanked her for, the other part we forgot to. Also she was the one that went along to see we didn't get lost on the way to Sunday school, which might have happened, being we were in a strange town and being there was a sand lot where the "little heathens" of the town played baseball. . . . The price of civilization comes high! Our Aunt Ida tried to convince mother that she ought to let dad take care of us kids while she was having the operation. Shortly after mother had got her divorce, he had married a fairly well-to-do spinster he had met in Norwood, Ohio. She was about dad's age, and quite stout, with high blood pressure.

Mother wouldn't let them have Evelyn, but consented to let dad take Harry and me until she got better again.

So dad came down to Fulton and Harry and I went back with him on the train to Cincinnati, and then on out to Norwood, where his wife owned a house. Harry and I couldn't call her "mother" because we had a real mother, so we decided to call her Aunt May, which was agreeable to her. We were only there a few weeks before dad persuaded Aunt May to sell the house and move to New York City so that dad could try to get some big financier interested in some of the inventions he had been working on for the past few years, one of which was a power shovel for use in a coal mine. It was more practical than most of his patents, such as the one to drill a hole miles down in the earth to where the temperature was 300° F., and then let water run down, thereby generating steam which would come up and run big electric-power plants. It would work all right if you could just perfect a machine that would drill that deep, and some one would put up a few billion dollars to pay for it.

Well, dad, Aunt May, Harry, and I got to New York, and lived downtown, not far from the Pennsylvania Station, until we found an apartment on 158th Street, near Amsterdam Avenue. Over in back of the Pennsylvania Station was an open place where Harry and I used to watch the trains come out of the tunnel from under the river and go in under the station. Going under the river must be terribly risky, we thought.

During the ten months we were in New York, I attended Public School No. 69 on Fifty-fourth Street, near Sixth Avenue. This was an old brick building without any yard, the gymnasium was indoors and the rooms were on several different floors, which meant lots of stair climbing.

The school had all grades from the fourth up to the ninth. I was in the highest. I didn't get along so good in my studies here; maybe because there was a school paper called the Sentinel that had just started up and I was putting in a lot of time helping to put it over. There were six boys and girls, each with one grade to work in. Well, I happened to get next to the most subscriptions the first month, which should have given me the second highest job on the paper. But for no good reason they gave me the top job, editor in chief. I couldn't figure out why, neither could my English teacher.

While in New York, dad got Harry and myself to join the Boy Scouts, but I didn't get much fun out of it because it was almost like school. They taught you flag waving, where you used two flags and every place you held them meant a different letter of the alphabet. I never did learn it good. It was also necessary to learn the Morse code, and how to tie knots, make a fire without matches, make a meal without food, and even make haste without hurrying. I gave up, especially after the three-day camping trip to New Jersey.

Every morning we would get up bright and early and hang our bedding up on a line to air out, then we'd take our hatchets and start cutting a path through the underbrush. Then every afternoon when we were about four miles from camp, a big rainstorm would come up. While trying to get back to camp in a hurry, we'd get so scratched up and soaking wet that we'd finally walk back via the middle of the river. Arriving about dark, we'd rush for the tents, only to find them all wet inside because they were left open to air out, of course. Then we'd grope around and find our blankets, which were also wet, which meant we couldn't sleep that night; but that didn't matter because we couldn't have slept anyway. It was necessary to stand guard to see that the mosquitoes didn't fly off with some of the smaller kids.

Downtown New York was quite interesting, especially the elevated trains, which looked like they might fall off into the street any minute; and the subways, where it was possible to get lost and ride around for days on the same nickel; and Wall Street, where big crowds of men did all their trading on the curb and also on the cuff. And of course there was nothing anywhere else like Coney Island, with the steeplechase, and the hot dogs, and the salt-water taffy that you found was composed of salt air when you started to eat it.

Another thing I hadn't seen except in New York was the Automat, which is a restaurant where the portions of food are in lots of little cubbyholes with a door with a glass window so you can look in and see what you want, then you put your nickel in the slot, open the window, and reach in and get your food. I usually bought a piece of pie for lunch and always looked in several windows to get the biggest one.

During the ten months we were in New York dad kept trying to find some one to back his inventions but without success. Aunt May was very patient through it all, of course it being her money we were living on, as dad wasn't working. Harry and I both got the mumps while there. That was the sickest I ever felt, also it was almost impossible to eat.

In June, 1921, the school year was finished, and dad received a letter from mother in Tarentum saying she was fully recovered from the operation and she wanted us boys to join her and Evelyn in Pittsburgh.

Dad and May were sorry to see us go, but I never had liked dad much after he ran off and left mother and didn't come back. It hadn't seemed fair, and I think dad realized that himself.

Mother and Evelyn met us in Pittsburgh and we all got on a train for Los An- *(Continued on page 20)*

How to pass friends and recognize people

In every 1939 Buick you get the skilled engineering and sturdy quality traditional to Buick—enriched by all the extra value which General Motors science and Buick workmanship can provide.

THERE you sit in a seat like an easy chair, comfortable as a puppy on his pillow.

The wheel in your hand has a fine and friendly feel—the treadle under your foot is a pressing invitation to travel.

You look out through windows deeper all around—through as much as 413 *added* square inches of safety glass.

You spot your path ahead through a windshield that's higher, over a bonnet that's lower, past slender cornerposts well out of eye-way.

You can *see*—see the whole passing show. Scenery begins to mean something more than just a view of the tree-tops.

You've got a front-porch view of the whole wide world—that sitting-in-a-bathtub feeling's *gone!*

And that's just one of the things we were after when we planned this sensational new Buick. Better aerodynamics was another. So was the highly effective "catwalk-cooling" practiced on Europe's high-speed racing cars.

It's because our designers achieved these without straining for effect or seeking freakish fashion that the new Buick's the beauty it so patently is.

A beauty to look upon—a beauty to look out of.

A beauty to handle — a beauty to own.

A beauty to depend on—a beauty to have fun with—a beauty to deliver durably and thriftily the fleetly flowing miles!

There are scores of other advances in this marvelous new car—a gear-shift out of knee-way, the true "full float" BuiCoil Springing ride, the quick and quiet Dynaflash straight-*eight* engine that is this Buick's mighty heart.

We can't begin to list them all—but your Buick dealer can do better than that. He can show them to you —go see him *today!*

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

★ DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE ★ BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ GREATER VISIBILITY ★ HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION ★ ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ CROWN SPRING CLUTCH ★ "CATWALK-COOLING" ★ OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS ★ SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING ★ FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL

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BUICK 1939 PRICES ARE LOWER—*lower than last year, lower than you'd expect*

"Better buy Buick the Beauty!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Say it with a Clear Skin

Our skin frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look.*

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

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It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

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Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

(*Continued from page 18*) geles. We stopped off at Oakland, California, to visit Grandpa and Grandma Corrigan. Grandpa looked like a forty-niner with his long beard. Grandma was all wrinkled and white-haired and almost blind. After spending a few days in Oakland, we went on down to Los Angeles on the train, ending our second journey to California.

This time we moved into a small apartment that we shared with a Mr. and Mrs. McHan, who were also from Texas.

Being fourteen years old now, I was lucky enough to find a job washing bottles in a soda-water plant at ten dollars a week. Harry, who was thirteen, delivered newspapers after school; and Evelyn, nine, helped mother with the housework. We got along all right. A family of four can live on ten dollars a week . . . if it has to.

While working in the National Bottling Works I learned to run both a foot-power and an automatic bottling machine, and even learned to mix the various syrups used to flavor and sweeten the carbonated water. I also used to load up the trucks that delivered the cases of soda pop to the stores, and sometimes went along with the driver to help unload. It was while on these trips that L. E. Foss, the driver, showed me how to run the truck, which was an old one-ton Model T Ford.

When the boss discovered I could drive, he let me make special deliveries in the small Model T pick-up. I was always hoping for special orders to come in so that I could get out and see the town. Also it was a chance to get a rest, just sitting there driving. During the year I was at the National Works I gradually got up to fourteen dollars a week. But finally I took a better job with a new place, run by a former bartender named Joe Raglow, over on San Pedro Street, where Foss had gone to work as a driver. I started at fifteen dollars a week and got a raise to eighteen the second week.

When this happened, mother rented a small apartment just big enough for the four of us. This was the first place we had all to ourselves for over seven years. Harry and Evelyn were going to school and I was on the way to success in business.

There was good money to be made in soda-water bottling and I resolved to start a small plant of my own in a few years, and then in a few more years I'd be rich. It would be easy!

During the two years I was bottling soda I drank enough to last a lifetime. You see, every time you changed flavors, it was necessary to taste the first few bottles, to make sure they had the right amount of syrup. We usually made ten or more different flavors each day. That summer, using one single head bottling machine, I averaged over 300 cases, of twenty-four bottles each, every day, usually working ten hours.

One Saturday night I went home and walked in the kitchen with a sad look on my face and my hands behind my back. Of course mother said, "What's the matter?" To which I replied seriously, "I got fired." Mother almost fainted and said hopelessly, "Oh, Douglas!" So I smiled real quick and said, "Like fun I got fired. I made twenty-five dollars this week," bringing my hands from behind me and giving her the money. She almost cried with joy. So we had cake and ice cream that night.

I didn't get to know any kids during the years I was working because when I got home at night I was too tired to go out and play, so I would sit at home and read the paper or a magazine, especially articles about men and places. They seemed interesting and were an education, too.

Things went along pretty good for the next few months, then one day I came home to find the doctor there, and mother in bed—she'd have to go to the hospital again. As we had no money, this time they took her to the County Hospital, over on the other side of Los Angeles—Mr. and Mrs. McHan took care of Evelyn for the next few months, and Harry and I went to board with a schoolteacher and her mother on Dewey Avenue.

Harry and I would take alternate nights to go over to the hospital. One of us saw her every night; then on Sundays the McHans would bring Evelyn and we'd all go out to see mother.

Before she went to the hospital, mother had talked to the cashier in a bank downtown about me getting a job there, as she wanted me to grow up to be a gentleman, with a white-collar job. So one day I went down to see the man in the bank. He wasn't there, but the fellow I saw advised me to dress up a little better when I came back to see the boss.

Well, mother had wanted me to get a new suit, so the next day Mr. McHan and I went down and picked one out. Although I was fifteen years old, I had worn knee pants all my life and these were my first long trousers. The next night I visited mother in the hospital and was I dressed up—new suit, clean shirt, new shoes, hair combed! I even had on a necktie. Mother said, "My, how handsome you look!" Although she was wrong, I didn't contradict her because I realized she couldn't see me very good on account of the tears in her eyes.

So a few days later I went back to the bank with my new suit on, and saw the boss. He seemed favorably impressed and decided I was bright enough, but when he found out I had to support my brother and also my sister and my mother (when she got out of the hospital), he said that we wouldn't be able to live on what the bank could pay me. And, although he didn't say it, I saw him look around at the money stacked everywhere and decide not to put temptation in my way. So I went back to the bottling works and told mother that the bank was going to let me know later.

Being under sixteen, I had to attend school for a half a day each week to keep my work permit.

One noon I came to work and kicked off my shoes and started to change into my work clothes, and the foreman came up and said, " Don't change, Doug." " Why not? " I asked, sitting down and kicking off my shoes. He replied, " The hospital called. Your mother's dying. You better go out there." " Thanks," I said, and reached for my shoes. I groped around the floor but couldn't find them. I couldn't see anything. The foreman put the shoes in my hands and I got them on somehow, and went to the hospital. It was too late. Mother was dead. I went back to work and didn't get much done that day or the next, but the boss understood.

I had saved over a hundred dollars, which was just enough to pay for a cemetery plot and the funeral.

Mother had told me that she wanted Aunt Rose and Uncle Roy Corrigan to take Evelyn, in case anything happened. So they came down from Vallejo, California, and took Evelyn back with them, although the McHans would have been glad to keep her. They would also have taken Harry and myself to raise, but I decided we would be able to get along alone. So we did.

Fifteen—and out in the world on his own! Next week Douglas Corrigan tells of the years that followed his mother's death, of his work and his dreams, and of a momentous event that shaped his life.

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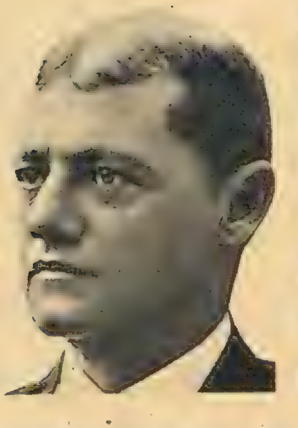
20 QUESTIONS



1—Dad remembers Fighting Bob of the battleship Iowa; perhaps the early photo (at left) will refresh younger memories. Who?

2—Which organization has given away 1,450,000 Bibles in thirty years?

3—What are the national colors of Mexico?

4—A sheep normally gives birth to how many lambs?

5—Who used to greet a patron with " Hello, sucker! "?

6—He was Clyde Corrigan when a small boy. Who he he now?

7—What is quaint about those two mammals, the spiny anteater and the duckbill?

8—What whole book of the Bible is largely occupied with a locust plague?

9—Why do modern skyscrapers offer poor radio reception but good protection against lightning bolts?

10—Where is the world's largest cathedral?

11—Which line precedes: " I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings "?

12—Is it hot or cold on the two largest planets, Jupiter and Saturn?

13—Which cheese, produced in Switzerland, contains 20 per cent of aromatic clover?

14—There are usually how many paper matches in a pocket packet?

15—Who said: " The only sound reason why a great State goes to war, being distinguished from a small State, is egoism and not romanticism " ?

16—Which fruit tree grows fastest?

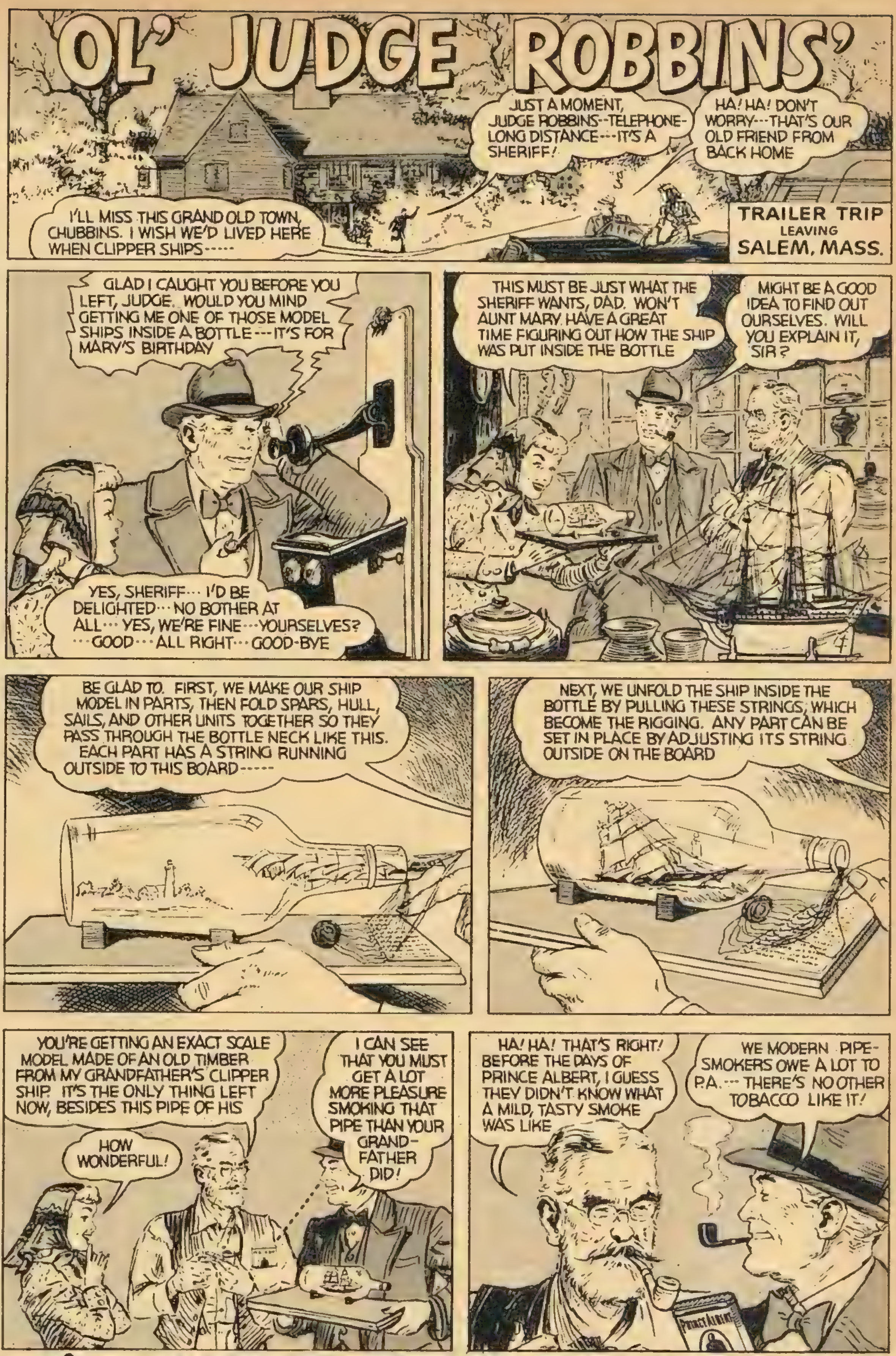
17—Who founded the Oxford Movement?

18—During the World War what was a whippet?

19—Which is heavier, platinum or lead?

20—Who wrote A Farewell to Arms?

(Answers will be found on page 54)



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
JUST A MOMENT, JUDGE ROBBINS--TELEPHONE--LONG DISTANCE---IT'S A SHERIFF!
HA! HA! DON'T WORRY---THAT'S OUR OLD FRIEND FROM BACK HOME
I'LL MISS THIS GRAND OLD TOWN, CHUBBINS. I WISH WE'D LIVED HERE WHEN CLIPPER SHIPS-----
TRAILER TRIP LEAVING SALEM, MASS.
GLAD I CAUGHT YOU BEFORE YOU LEFT, JUDGE. WOULD YOU MIND GETTING ME ONE OF THOSE MODEL SHIPS INSIDE A BOTTLE---IT'S FOR MARY'S BIRTHDAY
YES, SHERIFF··· I'D BE DELIGHTED··· NO BOTHER AT ALL··· YES, WE'RE FINE··· YOURSELVES? ···GOOD··· ALL RIGHT··· GOOD-BYE
THIS MUST BE JUST WHAT THE SHERIFF WANTS, DAD. WON'T AUNT MARY HAVE A GREAT TIME FIGURING OUT HOW THE SHIP WAS PUT INSIDE THE BOTTLE
MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT OURSELVES. WILL YOU EXPLAIN IT, SIR?
BE GLAD TO. FIRST, WE MAKE OUR SHIP MODEL IN PARTS, THEN FOLD SPARS, HULL, SAILS, AND OTHER UNITS TOGETHER SO THEY PASS THROUGH THE BOTTLE NECK LIKE THIS. EACH PART HAS A STRING RUNNING OUTSIDE TO THIS BOARD-----
NEXT, WE UNFOLD THE SHIP INSIDE THE BOTTLE BY PULLING THESE STRINGS, WHICH BECOME THE RIGGING. ANY PART CAN BE SET IN PLACE BY ADJUSTING ITS STRING OUTSIDE ON THE BOARD
YOU'RE GETTING AN EXACT SCALE MODEL MADE OF AN OLD TIMBER FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S CLIPPER SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT NOW, BESIDES THIS PIPE OF HIS
HOW WONDERFUL!
I CAN SEE THAT YOU MUST GET A LOT MORE PLEASURE SMOKING THAT PIPE THAN YOUR GRANDFATHER DID!
HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT! BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT, I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A MILD, TASTY SMOKE WAS LIKE
WE MODERN PIPE-SMOKERS OWE A LOT TO P.A.--- THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

YOUR GUIDE TO REAL SMOKING JOY
PRINCE ALBERT'S A SURE WAY TO MORE PIPE-PLEASURE. IT'S EXTRA MILD —TASTES RICHER WITHOUT HARSHNESS!
P.A. MEANS FAST, EASY-ROLLING 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES, TOO—I GET AROUND 70 MELLOW SMOKES TO THE TIN!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP C
LONG BURNING P
CIGARETTE TO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
SO MILD!
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

YOU'LL SAY: DELIGHTED! OR BACK COMES YOUR MONEY

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

MAGNIFICENT Fool

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

BRILLIANT research work on a new influenza formula attracts public attention to Patience Carmichael, a girl chemist connected with the biological laboratory at Woods Hole. Prescott Cheney, with the help of Judith David, an advertising copy writer, and Dr. Minorcas Brown, a psychiatrist, persuades Patsy to join the staff of Cheney Chemical, an old firm on the verge of bankruptcy. It is thought her formula, when completed, may save it.

But the laboratory tests are many and slow. A rival firm, "the Werfel crowd," stands ready to gobble the Cheney interests. High tension comes between Patsy and her employer, Prescott, though he is falling in love with her.

Futilely Dr. Minorcas Brown has tried to undermine the morals of Patsy, and the Park Avenue practitioner turns his dubious attention to Judith David, with whom Patsy has taken an apartment. Patsy warns her friend against the wily arts of the doctor, and deliberately spoils one of their most intriguing dates. At first Judith is furious, then more or less repentant.

Because Prescott's mother is one of his rich and influential dupes, Dr. Brown wants to save Cheney Chemical from its threatened ruin. He sends for a confrere, Dr. Joe Lucas, of the Pandemic General Hospital, a man who has gone downgrade through drink. The psychiatrist outlines the business situation.

Learning that Cheney Chemical has on hand a huge stock of typhoid vaccine, ordinarily not in demand, Dr. Lucas concocts a plot whereby he will set at large a "Typhoid Mary" to visit large cities of the country and thus spread a scare which will enrich Cheney Chemical. Orders do pour in. Prescott is jubilant. So is Patsy. Besides Brown and Lucas, only Judith knows the secret behind it.

PART FIVE—FOUR HEARTS FACE A SHOWDOWN

IT was the ninth day of the Typhoid Mary scare. Patience and Judith David were at breakfast in their flat. Judith was reading the paper, which she always did; Pat was asking questions—which she always did.

"Anything new on Typhoid Mary?" mumbled Pat through a mouthful of toast.

"Showed up yesterday in Baltimore," said Judith morosely. "She may last through Washington and Richmond. but if they don't get her in New Orleans or St. Louis I miss my guess!"

Patsy's eyebrows came down into their laboratory frown.

"What *are* you talking about?" she asked, more mystified than suspicious.

"Nothing," murmured Judith, scaling the paper savagely to the couch. Patsy watched her. There was something very queer and preoccupied about Jude's manner lately.

A girl's dilemma, a bold decision—a mad bargain for love! New drama in a fine, vivid novel of today

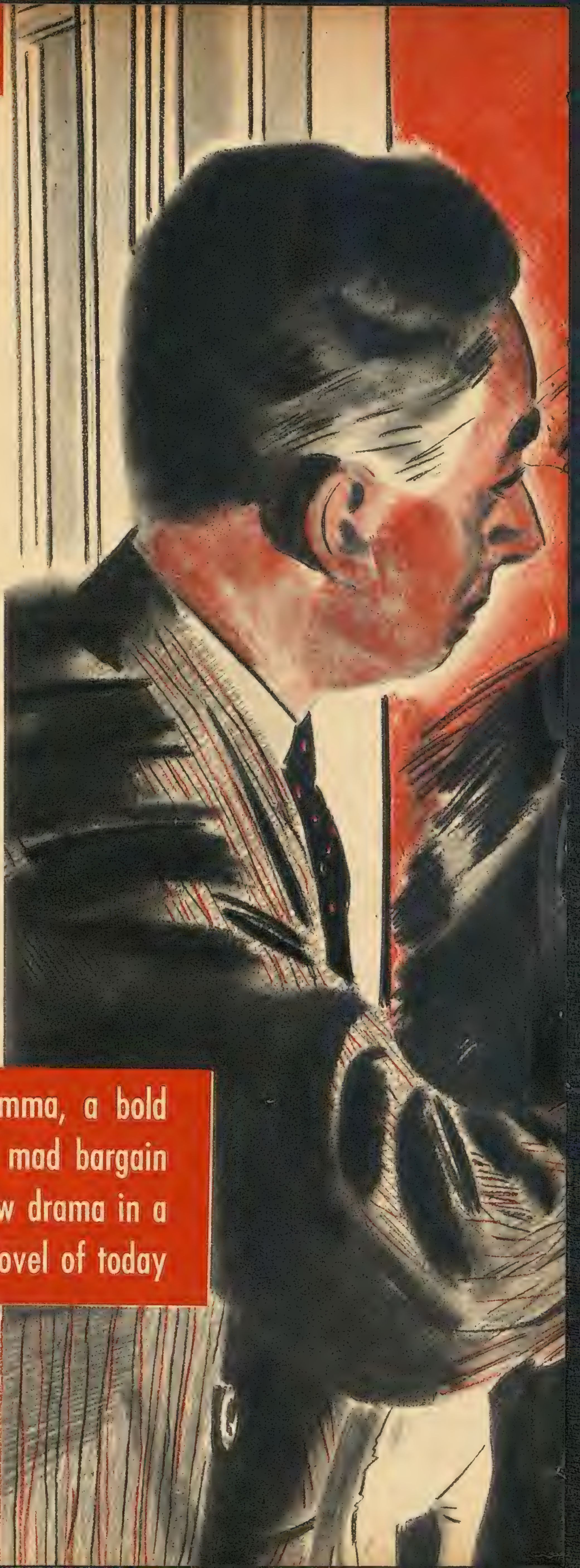
"Whatever makes you think the woman will go to those particular places?" she asked finally.

"Because that's where Joe Lucas is sending her," blurted Judith defiantly. "So there!"

Patience thought this over.

"You mean the whole thing's a hoax? A put-up job? There is no Typhoid Mary?"

"There's a Typhoid Mary fast enough," said Judith in wearied relief. "Only she isn't a carrier. I didn't mean to spill the beans; but now I suppose I'd better tell you the whole story."



BY WALTON GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

"Yes," said Patience. And then, with sudden misgiving, "Did Prescott Cheney plan it?"

"Of course not," returned Jude impatiently. "He hasn't a glimmer."

Patience drew a deep but unostentatious breath. She listened in silence to the rest of Jude's recital. Then she got up and went into her bedroom for her hat and jacket. When she returned, Judith looked up nervously.

"Are you going to tell Prescott?"

"I don't know," snapped Patsy. "You and Lucas had no right to put him in this position. I don't care how well you meant. But having done it, you had no business to blab it all to me. You might at least have the guts of your own trickery."

"Are you going to tell him?" persisted Jude timorously.

"I don't know. If it's found out, he'll look like either a fool or a crook."

"But it won't be found out," urged Jude.

"Things are always found out," gloomed Patsy, opening the door. "It may be all right for you—and Dr. Lucas. You work for yourselves. But I work for Cheney Chemical."

She slammed the door and went clattering down the creaky old stairs. She swung toward the East River, walking with her fine loping stride, her head held high and her eyes angry.

Patience walked furiously up the East River Drive. But the nearer she got to the Cheney Chemical works, the more she slowed down. Her indecision was battling with her anger. By the time she pushed through the revolving doors she was barely crawling. Well, she'd go on up to the lab and think things over.

But of course, just as she passed the executive office doors, Prescott Cheney popped out into the hall.

"Morning, Mme. Curie," he grinned. "How's the monkey mortality today?" Then he caught sight of her expression. "Hello, what's the trouble? You look like a thundercloud on an August day."

Now, Patsy was as capable of the amenities as the next—unless she was caught off guard. She was off guard now.

"I want to talk to you a minute," she answered, her doubts resolved the moment she was face to face with him. His boyish grin vanished.

"Come into my office," he said soberly.

She followed him inside. Then she told the story just as she had got it from Judith. "I hate tattletales," she finished sourly. "I suppose you won't ever forgive me."

He made no answer at all.

His face had assumed its dead-pan poker look with the steely glint in his eyes. Patience was always afraid of him when his eyes steadied that way. Finally he nodded his head.

"Run along now," he said quietly. "And, of course, nothing of this upstairs—or anywhere else."

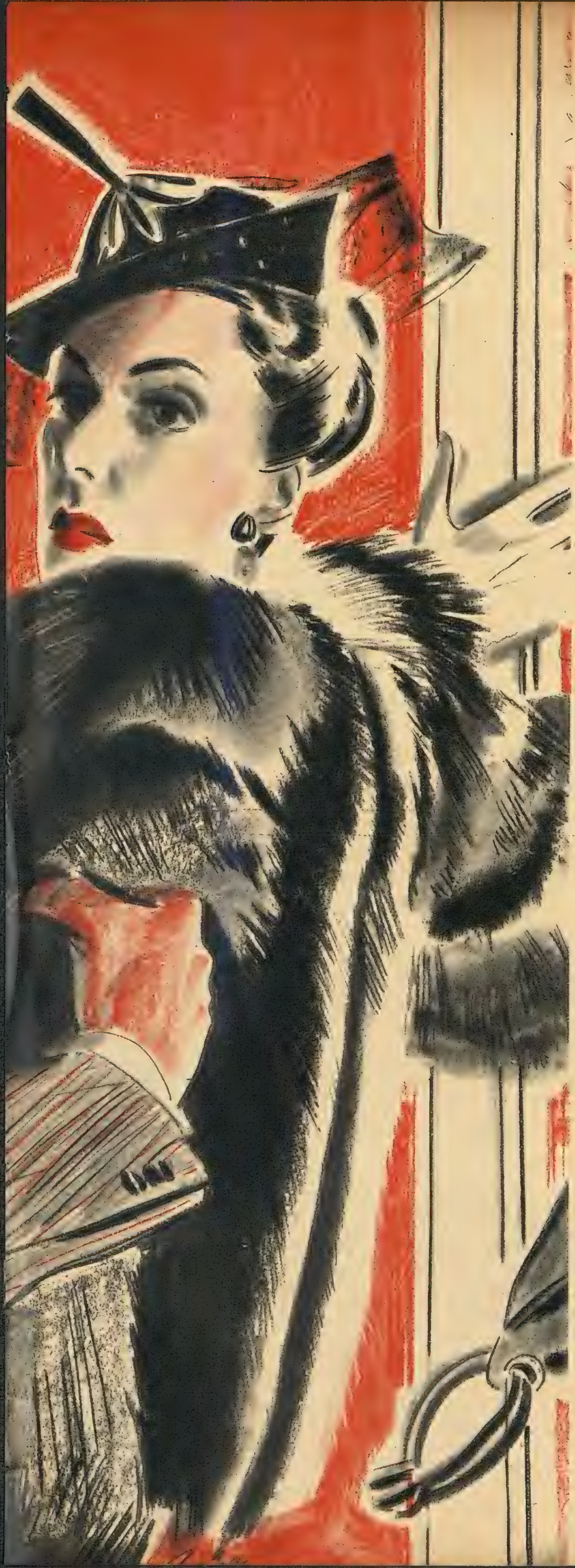
Patience stood up and went out. He had neither thanked her nor damned her for coming to him. She wished she knew what he was thinking of her.

After she had gone, Prescott filled and lighted his pipe with great deliberation. He pulled out the slide board of his desk and crossed his legs on it. For five minutes he smoked. His face was expressionless.

He pulled a scratch-pad to him and began to scribble a telegram in longhand:

"Typhoid Mary scare groundless stop woman definitely not a carrier stop wire instructions concerning your order."

He pressed his buzzer for his secretary.



When she was halfway through the door, Dr. Min seized her roughly by the arm. "Come back here!" he almost snarled.

" Dorsey—send that to every typhoid order we've received since—well, whatever the date was."

Miss Dorsey, middle-aged and solidly stout, read the telegram with a stoical face and waddled away. She had been with the Cheneys, father and son, since her early teens.

Prescott knocked out his pipe, put on his hat and coat, and stalked out.

He took the subway downtown, and walked into Dr. Joe Lucas' office unannounced. Purposely. He did not wish to give that plausible person a chance to organize his alibis.

After ten minutes he came out. He was breathing a little fast. He had permitted himself the luxury of giving Dr. Joseph Lucas a pretty thorough dressing down. And, as he had suspected, Dr. Lucas was not the prime instigator of the idea. For that he had to thank Minorcas Brown.

At the thought of Minorcas Brown a cold anger possessed him. This was not the only grievance between them. For the better part of two years he had watched the man, with his mixture of flattery and effrontery, working himself into his mother's graces—and checkbook. That was bad enough. But he had shut up. It had amused and occupied his mother. But this was different.

ANOTHER angle worried him. When Patsy spoke to him this morning, she had attributed the whole scheme to Dr. Lucas. She had been seeing Minorcas Brown a good deal lately—twice Scott had run into him in the laboratory, or had seen his car waiting for Pat outside. Was it possible that she did not know that Brown was at the bottom of the whole business? Was she protecting Brown? Or had Judith not told her? Or was Judith herself ignorant of Brown's part? Anyway, it was a mess!

Prescott took the subway uptown again. He got off at Sixty-eighth and walked over to Park Avenue. By the time he reached Minorcas' block he had walked off part of his rage and had succeeded in exonerating Patsy in his own mind. As well he might.

As he turned into the vestibule of the apartment house a taxi drew up at the curb. Over his shoulder he saw a man get out. It was Minorcas Brown. Prescott half turned—then stopped as he saw Patience lean out and wave a farewell hand to Dr. Brown.

This time Prescott saw red in earnest. He wheeled, walked into the vestibule, and waited for his man by the elevator. When the doctor approached, Scott motioned him grimly into the elevator.

" I want to see you a few moments," he said curtly as they ascended.

Dr. Minorcas raised an eyebrow.

" Certainly, my dear fellow. We'll go into my study."

He led the way into his private quarters and waved to a chair.

" May I offer you a drink? "

" Thanks; but I've had no luncheon yet."

" No? Well, I have. And a very delicious one. With our esteemed young friend Miss Patience Carmichael."

Scott knew that this was intentionally gratuitous. He refused to be drawn.

" I've just come from Joe Lucas," he began succinctly. " He tells me you put him up to this Typhoid Mary dirty business."

" I didn't know in advance what form Joe's activity would take," admitted Dr. Min readily. " But I'm certainly responsible—whatever he did. As a matter of fact, I consider it highly ingenious."

" What gives you the right to butt into my business affairs? " demanded Scott.

Dr. Min lighted a cigarette and pushed the box toward his guest.

" Need we go into all that? " he asked urbanely.

" I presume you'll claim you did it for my good! So I could make a lot of money and not know how it was made."

" For *your* good, my dear fellow? Certainly not! For the good of Cheney Chemical, and of your estimable mother's most estimable bank account. As for you personally—" And then, almost gently, " I don't think I like you."

Prescott laughed in spite of himself. He knew he was no match for Minorcas. But he'd give him a dose of his own stuff.

" You're one of those crooks that make a virtue out of their own vices by admitting them."

" Precisely," smiled Dr. Min. " I've found it a valuable technique. It doesn't lose force even when the other person sees how it works."

He paused a moment. Prescott, trying hard to keep angry in the face of the other's ease, had nothing to say.

" Was there anything else you wanted to see me about? " asked Dr. Min finally.

" No," said Scott, standing up. " I came up here to knock your head off, but—"

" I know," nodded Min sympathetically. " Much better not. Better go down to the Racquet Club and knock the ball around half an hour. And the next time you drop in, let's talk about why you really dislike me."

" I've told you," growled Prescott. " Because you've made a sucker of my mother, because you've interfered with my business and tried to make a fool out of me—and because you're an all-round rotter."

" Nonsense, Cheney. You don't dislike me because you think I'm a rotter. You dislike me because you're afraid of me."

" Afraid of you! Why—you—"

" And—because you're afraid to stand up and tell me why you dislike me. Shall I tell you why? "

Scott stared at him.

" Because you're falling in love with Patience Carmichael, and because you're afraid she's falling in love with me."

Prescott turned white.

" I don't care to discuss Miss Carmichael, or any other decent woman, with a man like you," he said in a grating voice.

Minorcas made a gesture of impatience.

" I'm talking to you as straightforwardly as I would to a patient, and you answer me like a movie hero. But I'll set your mind at rest on one half of your problem. Patience isn't falling in love with me, and I'm not falling in love with her—or any one else. That removes your jealousy complex. Do you believe me? "

" Yes—damn you."

" When you say ' damn you,' you really mean ' thank you.' On the other half of your trouble—the ' unrequited affection,' I presume you would call it—I can't help you."

" What's that? " demanded Scott in spite of himself.

DR. MIN waved his cigarette airily.

" Patience Carmichael will never fall in love with you. She'll like you, she'll admire you—maybe make silly femalish sacrifices for you. But love—no. Women of her mental and emotional equipment don't fall in love with the chivalrous-boy type. They save themselves for grown-up brutes like me—who understand them."

" You're something of a blackguard," said Prescott.

" I'm a psychiatrist," said Min simply. " Which demands a certain amount of blackguardism—if you do your best by your patients. And speaking of patients—I have a roomful waiting. So, if you've nothing more important on your mind, Prescott, please run along to your office, like a good little business man, and make a lot of money out of the pious fraud I've let you in for."

Prescott looked at him.

" Naturally, I've wired them all, releasing them from their contracts," he said coldly, and opened the door.

" Hum! " said Dr. Min in a curious voice. " So you really don't win races on fouls, do you? " For the first time in the interview, his assurance seemed to fail him.

Dr. Brown watched the door close on Scott's back. But he did not go immediately to his waiting patients. He stood for a while in frowning meditation. He knew himself, he thought, as well as any man could. But was he, Minorcas Brown, with more brains in his little finger than Prescott had in his whole head—was he going to be upset to the point of reluctant admiration by that likable boy's instant and instinctive refusal to profit by a mistake for which he had no responsibility? No. A thousand times no! Altruism and chivalry? Bah! Sportsmanship? Not in this day and age. Compensatory refuges, all those were, whereby the underdogs of the world sought escape from reality.

Minorcas Brown tossed away his cigarette and went confidently and charmingly in to see his first patient.

WHEN Prescott got back to his office he at once called up his bankers. He told them of the typhoid fiasco, and of the telegrams he had sent. Which put his affairs, he added, back just where they had been a couple of weeks ago. The bank man said they'd talk it over downtown and call him back later.

Scott lighted his pipe and leaned back. He supposed he'd been a fool to tackle Minorcas Brown. The man could talk the ears off a brass monkey: make black seem white, and proud of it. Queerly enough, though he'd been sore at himself when he first came out of Min's office—sore for letting Min put it all over him—he was feeling much more comfortable about it now. Min might be a bounder and a crook, but he was an infernally honest one. Lived up to his own code, probably—such as it was. In a way, that's all you could ask of any man.

Miss Dorsey came in to say that Miss Carmichael wanted to see him.

"Send her in," said Prescott, and felt a surge of pleasure at the sound of her name. Suddenly he knew why he was disliking Minorcas Brown so much less. It was because Minorcas had said—and, by cricky, you had to believe the man—that there was nothing between him and Patsy. Not that it mattered, of course. As for the rest of it—his, Scott's, falling for her—utter bunk, of course. Still, she was one swell girl.

Pat's entrance interrupted his thoughts.

"I've no business butting in again," she began, with a restraint unusual to her. "But I felt so upset about this typhoid business. What did you do?"

"Canceled all the orders, of course," he smiled.

"Of course," she nodded. "Is it—will it make much difference in your business situation?"

"Quite a lot," he admitted dryly. "I'm waiting now to hear from my bankers. We may have to sell or fold up in a few weeks."

"Oh!" she said, and was silent. She wanted to say so many things. But she knew that he would resent sympathy.

"You know," she went on shyly, "I wish we had just two or three months' leeway. I think I'm really on the verge of something at last. No—not the blood-typing thing. That blew up. But something very much like it. I won't try to explain it technically—"

"Thanks a lot," said Scott gravely. "I can face bankruptcy—but not your lab lingo."

"I don't see how you can joke so!" said Pat reprovingly.

"When you're on bottom, there's only one way things can go."

"Judith got back from Boston last night," said Pat inappositely.

TABLOID
TELEPHONE TALES

Brief stories of how Long Distance is ringing the bell for businesses of all sorts and sizes

A UNIFORM MANUFACTURER, who sells to summer camps, needed to know his customers' plans to determine production schedules. Personal contact, discussion and *speed* were important. He telephoned 300 customers at a cost of $120—got needed information, plus 25 immediate orders. Results justified extension of survey to 900 other customers.

SALESMEN for a cattle feed distributor *combine* telephone and personal visits—to increase coverage during busy seasons—to reach customers missed on regular trips—and to keep in touch with out-of-way customers. Telephoning is fast, personal, builds good will. In one year, sales increased 15% at low telephone cost.

A TIRE COMPANY branch office has improved collections by follow-up telephone calls on overdue accounts. Tactful telephoning reaches right person, finds reason for non-payment, helps clear up complaints and arrange settlement—all at low cost. Promises given *personally* by telephone are usually kept.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

THE COACH COULDN'T HELP GRINNING
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he, "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

"I didn't know she'd been away," he returned, wondering what she was driving at.

"You hadn't heard that her father died last week?"

"No," said Scott. "Am I to condole with her? Or congratulate her on coming into a million dollars?"

"It's a good deal more than that," said Pat slowly.

"Well," laughed Scott, "what can I do about it? She doesn't want to buy a nice conservative old drug company, does she?"

Pat was drawing arabesques on the scratch-pad.

"I thought she might buy a lot of stock, or whatever it is, in Cheney Chemical. Isn't that the way companies get money? I thought—"

"You thought no such thing." He was still smiling, but there was a touch of sharpness to his voice. "Come, now, Patsy. I can lose my mother's fortune, but we have to draw the woman line somewhere."

"I thought you'd say that."

"Well—why did you put it up to me, then?"

"Oh, I don't know. I feel so rotten about everything. And Jude wants to lend it or give it to Minorcas Brown for his Psychiatric Institute Endowment."

"Phew!" whistled Scott. "He'll take it fast enough."

"She loves him, you know," frowned Pat.

"I didn't know."

"But he doesn't love her."

"I didn't know that either." And then, with some acerbity: "Look here, Patsy. I've got a lot to do today and I'm not one little bit interested in the state of Judith David's heart *or* her bank account."

The telephone rang. He picked it up. For nearly a minute he listened intently. Finally he spoke back:

"That's more than decent of you. Tell the loan committee I'm very grateful." He talked a few moments longer and then hung up. His face had the boyish grin that he wore when he had just forced a right-of-way in a race.

"I told you there was only one way things could go! Pat, the banks are carrying me in spite of the vaccine blow-up. I've still got my ninety days. And so have you."

"Oh!" said Patience, with her deep contralto laugh. "Can I have twenty more Macacas monkeys?"

"A hundred, if you want. Now, get out of here, please!"

"I'd love to," said Patience demurely—and got out.

AT this same hour Judith David was sitting in the consulting room of Dr. Minorcas Brown. She had been there for some time. It was the middle of the afternoon and the anteroom was full of accumulating patients. Dr. Min was leaning back in his swivel chair, his fine strong fingers interlaced behind his head, an almost stereotyped smile at the corners of his mouth. Judith sat in the great easy chair beside the desk. Her hands played nervously with her cigarette case, opening and closing it.

"But it would more than make up for what you won't be able to get now from Mrs. Cheney," she was saying almost pleadingly. "And you've always said you didn't care where or how you got the money, if only you could get the foundation established. It would be just like an investment, wouldn't it?"

"An investment that you'd never get back," he said in a tone that blended the sardonic into the gentle. "An investment in sick souls"—he finished harshly.

BUT I could lend it to you. It would take scarcely half of what I'm going to have. I'd never miss it, Minorcas. Not one little bit. I'm going on working. I just love the advertising, anyway. And I won't need all this extra. I couldn't possibly use it. Oh, surely I could lend it to you! If—if it's just the idea of the thing—borrowing from a woman—why, surely you've always said you were above such poppycock Victorian scruples. Now, haven't you said that?"

"Above Victorian scruples—yes," answered Dr. Min quietly. "My scruples against borrowing from a woman are not based on chivalry: they're highly practical. I do not care to be under money obligations to any woman alive. It relegates one to a definitely subservient—or at least propitiating—or a grateful attitude toward the lender. I refuse to feel grateful to any woman."

"But—how about Mrs. Cheney?" she demanded triumphantly.

"Quite different. A free gift. Not a loan. A gift that yields her ten dollars of satisfaction for every dollar she gives. And no comeback. I haven't the slightest scruple about a gift from a vain old woman."

"How about a gift from—from a vain young woman?" asked Judith tremulously.

Dr. Min swung forward in his chair and crossed his elbows on the desk.

"Judith, would you give it to the foundation? And kiss it good-by?"

"Certainly," she said happily.

He compressed his lips. He looked down his long nose. Suddenly he raised his head and snapped at her:

"Judith—are you in love with me?"

She raised her eyes slowly and looked at him.

"Why, yes," she said, and smiled.

He nodded. Then he got up from his desk chair. It was one of those moments in which his sadistic soul delighted. He looked stern and matter-of-fact.

"Very well. Now, will you please get out of here?" He moved toward the door. "You—and your money too."

White as a sheet, Judith got slowly to her feet and went toward the door. He opened it. When she was halfway through, he seized her roughly by the arm.

"Come back here!" he almost

snarled. He pushed her down in the big chair. There was a dancing light in his eyes—an unaccustomed light of almost hilarious excitement.

"I've changed my mind."

"You'll take the money?" she whispered.

"I don't know. We're going for a drive; we'll talk it over."

He lifted his telephone and spoke to his secretary:

"Is the car outside? . . . Good. I'm leaving directly. And I can't see any one else today."

WHEN Patience got home from work about two hours later, she found Minorcas Brown's car parked before their door. It irritated her. She had wanted to have a quiet can-opener supper alone with Judith. To see if she could persuade her out of this mad scheme of throwing her fortune into Minorcas Brown's lap. She wasn't by any means sure of Minorcas Brown, or of how permanent his promise was to leave Jude alone.

Patsy climbed the creaky old stairs and unlocked the door. There was a black look on her brow. Minorcas was sitting on the couch reading the evening paper.

"Hello," said Patsy ungraciously. "I saw your car outside."

"Magnificent observation!" grunted Dr. Min rudely from behind his paper. "Has Cheney gone broke yet?"

"No," snapped Patsy, "and he's not going broke!"

"Fine," murmured Min. "Not that it matters to me. I've accepted an ample endowment gift from a beautiful young heiress."

"I thought you would," said Patience wrathfully. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Where's Judith? Isn't she home yet?"

"Yes indeed. She's in her room. Packing a bag, I believe."

Judith came out of the bedroom. Her cheeks were very flushed and her eyes were shining.

"Judith David—have you given him your money?"

"Yes," said Judith in a small voice.

"And—what are you packing for? Are you going back to Boston?"

"Yes," said Judith meekly. "I—I'm going away with Min."

Patsy's heart leaped in her throat.

"Exactly," snapped Dr. Minorcas Brown, slapping his paper down on the couch. "She's going to Boston on the midnight train to help her husband get hold of her money."

Patience looked from one to the other. Then she flopped herself down on the couch and lighted a cigarette.

"Oh, hell!" she said with great earnestness.

What will come of this amazing marriage? Is it possible for Judith to change Minorcas, or is she hopelessly lost? And can Prescott and Patsy save Cheney Chemical in their ninety days' grace? There's a thrilling struggle to watch which begins in next week's Liberty. Order it now!

No Soap, Mister

. . . get yourself a Barbasol Face

IF your mind is open to logic, we sincerely believe you'll be the proud owner of a Barbasol Face in the next week or so.

Look at it this way: You can get a fairly decent shave with laundry soap but your skin would take a licking—would get tight and dry and rough and wrinkled till you looked like the old man of the mountain.

Yet that is precisely what happens to countless men every day, only to a milder degree—*but never to a Barbasol user!*

For Barbasol contains no harsh irritants. Truth is, its beneficial oils actually soothe the skin, leaving it soft and smooth and refreshed—protected against windburn and chafing.

That's why a Barbasol Face is a younger-looking more attractive face. A 10-days' test will more than convince you of this. Why not give it a try? You can take for granted you'll get the quickest, sweetest shave you ever had, if you follow the directions. You can take for a bonus the wonders it works with your skin.

The large tube is 25¢. The giant tube, 50¢. The family size jar, 75¢. Try Barbasol Blades, too. Scalpel-sharp, and only 15¢ for five.

Barbasol
for Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush - No Lather
No Rub-in

For modern shaving . . . No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

The Magic of a Free People

COMPETITION

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Mr. Sokolsky opened this series last week with an article on The Genius of Our Country. By way of object lesson, he told the story of the orange industry, showing how its rise and its huge beneficent development had been brought about by advertising.

I RECENTLY called on an American lady, Mrs. Amorette E. Fraser, who is 102 years old. She was born near Westfield, New York. Her father was a manufacturer of ladies' shoes. Her uncle was a builder. But essentially these people were farmers, as were nearly three quarters of the Americans of those days.

This fine old lady remembers the life of her childhood vividly. She was telling of a trip which they once took from Westfield to the central part of New York State—a horse-and-buggy trip. It took a week. They stayed a week and it took them a week to get back—three weeks altogether.

Last summer Mrs. Fraser and her daughter motored practically the same distance, two hundred miles, from Westfield to Seneca Lake in five hours.

In about a century that distance was reduced from one week to five hours. But in the previous thousand years that distance remained the same. It never changed—until modern machines made automobiles. It never changed until the American standard of living changed.

There's a tremendous story of human thought and energy and progress in that bringing together of great distances. But that is not all Mrs. Fraser told me. She said:

"Everything that was required in the family was made in the home, with the exception of very few things. All of the women's and children's clothing was made in the home. All of the stockings of the family were made there, and all the work required in housekeeping or homemaking was done by the mother, who was the homemaker."

This lovely picture of an old-fashioned home, where the women cooked and cleaned and sewed and knit, is fascinating. It has a breath of beauty and purity that we have perhaps lost forever.

But imagine the human toil it involved! Imagine making soap all day, and then knitting stockings by the light of a lamp that burned some kind of fish oil. Imagine the toil that went into the family wash, by hand, using the homemade washboard, soap made of lye, boiling the wash on the kitchen stove that probably burned wood, using the old-fashioned mangle—it took it out of our women, that sort of thing did. But that was what all women did when Mrs. Fraser was a girl.

She told me that her father always provided a year's supply of food ahead. "Our winters were long," she said, "and everything, in the summer and fall, was provided for the winter's supply. Great quantities of beef and pork and eggs and butter and all those things were provided then."

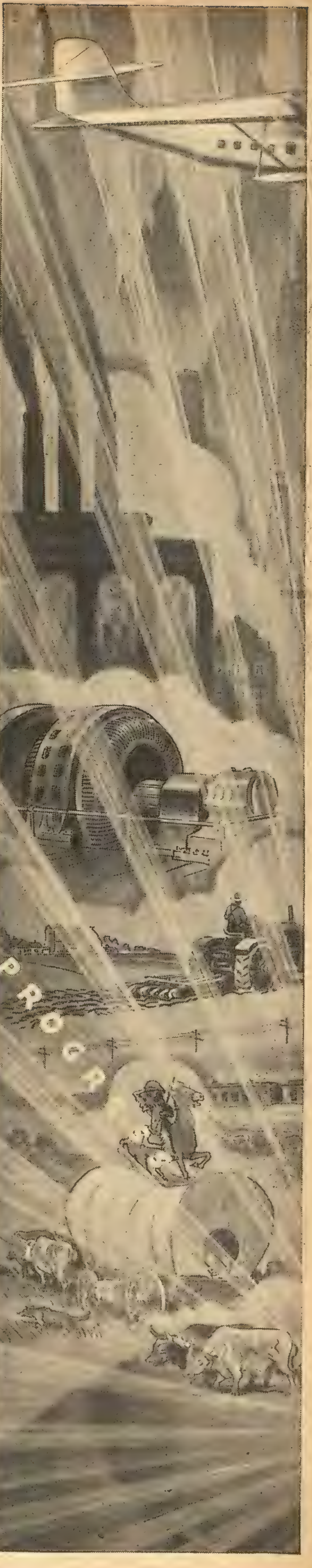
Did you ever see the icehouses they used? I bought a farm up in the Berkshires, in Massachusetts, about six years ago, and right smack up on what we now regard as our front lawn was an icehouse. It was a shanty full of sodden sawdust. Each winter the farmers would go to the nearest pond and cut the ice and cover it with sawdust. Was the ice clean? How did they know? Was the sawdust a germ trap? They couldn't worry about that. They did not know that food could be preserved in enamel refrigerators using electricity or gas to make ice and cold air. They used what they had.

Mrs. Fraser almost boastfully commented that her family were exceptionally fortunate in their water supply, because when the typhoid hit their town it missed them. And they must have been fortunate in the ice too. Because the typhoid got into that sometimes. And lots of other unclean things got into the food that was preserved that way.

And all this reminds me that when I lived in China I never drank a glass of ordinary tap water for nearly fourteen years. We either boiled our water or we drank bottled waters—an expensive habit, that. And until very recently we were afraid of ice, because they too used to use ice out of the pond and full of germs that kill. And I never dared eat lettuce or watermelon or radishes or any raw vegetables. Dysentery and even cholera went in the wake of raw vegetables—because they knew nothing there in the old days when I went to that country, in 1918, about refrigeration.

Well, we've changed that picture in the United States. In the first place, we have taken most of the heavy work out of the kitchen.

Soapmaking is done in a factory, where such a job belongs. You buy your soap or



ADVERTISING
PROGRESS

Continuing a remarkable series—The true romance of the magic wrought by the genius and enterprise of advertising

soap powder or cleansing powders or household chemicals at the grocery store. Each one comes in what is a familiar package, with a trade-mark. Even yellow soap comes to you packaged and trade-marked. You know what you're getting because you have read about it in advertisments. You know the cost; you know the purpose; you know the quality, whether it's Dutch Cleanser or Kirkman's Soap, or Yardley's Lavender—to mention three types. You know what it is and why you want it.

The washing machine has changed blue Monday for the housewife. No longer are mother's hands red. She puts Rinso, Super-Suds, or Oxydol into the machine, turns the switch, and goes about cleaning the living room, perhaps with a vacuum cleaner.

You may say that this is an exaggerated picture of ease and comfort. Well, I looked it up and found that 48 per cent of the American homes wired for electricity have vacuum cleaners and 49 per cent have electric washers.

So this picture is true for about a third of the American homes and it ought to be true for all.

And if you consider that at least eighteen new industries which did not exist at all sixty years ago are today producing essentials of our lives, you will realize the extent of our progress. Note these eighteen: electrical machinery, apparatus and supplies; motor vehicles (not including motorcycles); motor-vehicle bodies and parts; rubber tires and inner tubes; manufacture of gasoline; rayon and allied products; manufactured ice; aluminum manufactures; typewriters and parts; refrigerators, mechanical; cash registers and adding and computing machines; oil, cake, and meal, cottonseed; aircraft and parts; phonographs; photographic apparatus and materials; motion-picture apparatus (except for projection in theaters); asbestos products; fountain pens. What would we do without them?

Then take food itself. Butter and cheese come packaged and trade-marked. And when you want butter, you get just that, because the trade-mark stands for it; and if you want something else, like Crisco or Spry or oleomargarine, that will also be packaged and trade-marked. The same is true of flour, of sugar, of dried vegetables like peas and beans. It's even true of baby food.

Mother has time to read, to rest, to talk to her children—even to get into the car and go to a women's club—because thousands of factories are manufacturing tens of thousands of trade-marked, advertised, uniformly packaged commodities of known and uniform quality. Mother can trust these goods. She knows all about them. And when a new one appears, she knows all about it because she reads the advertisements and she talks it over with her neighbors.

It's like a problem we had at home. The little boy left his fingerprints on the wall, and my wife had no idea how to get them off without leaving marks. So she read a household magazine and saw about Pre-tone, and that took care of that. There are any number of commodities like that on the market—gadgets to make life easier for mother. As, for instance, Sani-flush, which saves mother from one of the least pleasant of household tasks.

But mother would never know about such things unless they were advertised—and the manufacturers would never think up new household helps unless enough people bought their goods to make it worth while. And they could never hope for that without advertising.

Now let us try to understand what force in American life has changed our standards and habits so completely.

A revolution like that does not happen accidentally. Nobody sits about and plans to make such a change in the way of life of 130,000,000 people. Even if he did, it would never happen unless some great force was at work. What was that force?

I say that force was—competition. As soon as a commodity comes on the market, it goes into competition with existing commodities. For instance, when Shredded Wheat and Grape-Nuts appeared on the market, as among the earliest of fabricated cereals, they had to compete against oatmeal, farina, rice, and similar cereals already used as breakfast foods on the American table.

It used to take about an hour to prepare breakfast in the old days, and sometimes even longer. Nowadays we don't want to give that much time to the morning meal. We want something a person can get for himself.

Now, these foods did not have an easy time getting established. They had to fight their way into the market. They had to introduce themselves. They had to convince users that they were good and beneficial. They had competition all along the line.

When they began to make dents in the market, they had to fight not only the existing cereals but a whole list of new ones. Do you remember Sunny Jim? He was the figure that was created by the advertisers of Force. He was as popular in his day in his particular field as our modern Popeye in his promotion of spinach and Wheatena and Popsicles.

Sunny Jim was a factor in competition. He attracted attention to a new type of breakfast food. He really made that type of food, which was followed by Corn Flakes and a host of other similar wheat, corn, and rice products, available. He helped to change our household habits and to make life easier for mothers. The manufacturer recently revived Sunny Jim as a trade character, and he is again being used to promote the sale of Force.

In the meantime, the hot-cereal producers had to fight for their markets. So Quaker Oats and H-O Oatmeal and Cream of Wheat and Wheatena produced a type of hot cereal that cooked quickly, and fight they did.

Competition through advertising not only made these and most other commodi-

Ingram's KICK is very welcome—
You need no Lotion, Scent or Talcum!

Save while you shave—with Ingram's LUXURY LATHER!

One billowing, cooling brushful of Ingram's across your chin and most likely you'll be an Ingram's fan for life. For Ingram's wilts whiskers in double-quick time and makes them easy prey for your blade. And all the time you feel that unique Ingram's difference—its soothing, freshening, comforting KICK. Sign on for a new deal in protection from shaving burns and irritations. Get the thrifty tube or jar at your druggist's!

A SPEED LATHER!
Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.
FEEL THAT KICK!
With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.
COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING
Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

ties available, but resulted in important improvements and vast savings to the consumer.

The automobile? Competition through advertising did a great job there, too. A car that lacked the power, equipment, or the safety devices of those at present on the market averaged $1,785 f. o. b. Detroit in 1921. A far better car, improved in every detail, averages $903 today. Or take the rubber tire. A fairly poor tire which could travel about 2,500 miles cost $24.50, as compared with a modern balloon heavy-tread tire which can travel 25,000 miles, and costs, on the average, $12 to $14. Or take a radio: those squeaking, noisy sets cost, on the average, $125 in 1927. Today a set averages $53, and a pretty fair set can be bought for $12.

Life costs the worker more in China, where foods are cheap, than in America! How so? Well, the secret of it is . . . But read Mr. Sokolsky's next article, in an early issue.

Do you remember how the rugs and carpets were rolled up, taken to the back yard, hung on a rope or over a fence, and beaten? You had a queer instrument made of woven cane with which you banged away at that carpet, the dust flying in your face, covering your clothes, and getting into your nostrils and throats.

Then there was an improvement on that. It consisted of intertwined brooms in a tin box to which was attached a long pole. You pushed it back and forth over the carpet. It was a tremendous improvement. Many women still prefer this carpet sweeper for occasional use.

Finally the vacuum cleaner arrived. Run by electricity, moving at the touch of a finger, a motor doing the work, it cleans. Half the housewives who have access to electricity already own some kind of vacuum cleaner. And millions use the carpet sweeper. The old dusty banging and hitting has ceased.

Now, if only one company made vacuum cleaners, the likelihood is that it would sit back and wait for customers to come. But as soon as the vacuum cleaner appeared on the market, lots of companies made them. General Electric, Westinghouse, Premier, Hoover—who can list all the producers of vacuum cleaners in a short article?

And these companies fought each other for your custom. They had to improve their product. They had to make it more durable. They had to produce convincing arguments for you to read in their advertisements. And they had to be truthful in their statements, which constant use in the home would prove or disprove.

Mrs. Jones would not like to have Mrs. Smith know that her vacuum cleaner broke down all the time, while Mrs. Smith's gave good service. The manufacturer had to watch that. He had to have his fans, like a movie star.

No manufacturer could lie down on the job and hold your custom. You were, and still are, reading advertisements. If you don't like one product, you know the names of others in the same field.

That is the consumer's greatest safeguard against poor products. The guinea-pig books will discover some faking diabetes cure trader and will make a terrific fuss over that fraud, and they will attack all advertising because here and there somebody has been a swindler. But for every one such person or company that they can produce there are hundreds of manufacturers who, by competition through advertising, are making available to you the best in commodities that money can buy at reasonable prices.

Let us take one more example. When Charles Dickens visited this country, he was impressed by the terrible clothes that Americans wore. And, on the whole, we *were* a pretty badly clad people until ready-to-wear garments, particularly for men, were introduced.

Such companies as Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Stein-Bloch, Fashion Park, and others produced a man's suit and overcoat of good quality, fashionably styled, at a reasonable price. These ready-to-wear manufacturers had to compete with custom tailors, with sweatshops, with makers of shoddy clothes, and against each other.

Not only were awful clothes produced in the early days, but the conditions under which they were manufactured were frightful. These most progressive units of production drove the sweatshop out of existence.

Competition through advertising gave these firms a national market as compared with the local markets which the sweatshops controlled. They gave to their clothing the high stamp of a trade-mark, so that the consumer was proud to have their labels in his suits. That trade-mark in clothes had the social effect of killing off the sweatshop in the ready-to-wear men's clothing industry. It was not only good business; it became a national social, even moral force.

You know how true this is from your own experience. You can walk into any store selling men's clothes today and buy a suit of clothes at a reasonable price—and it will fit you, or be altered to fit you; it will be made of good cloth; and your womenfolk will not be ashamed to go out with you.

Did you ever hear the phrase "store clothes"? That used to mean a garment that looked like the very devil and wore worse. Not today, however. Today, when you buy "store clothes," you get your money's worth. Competition through advertising did that for you.

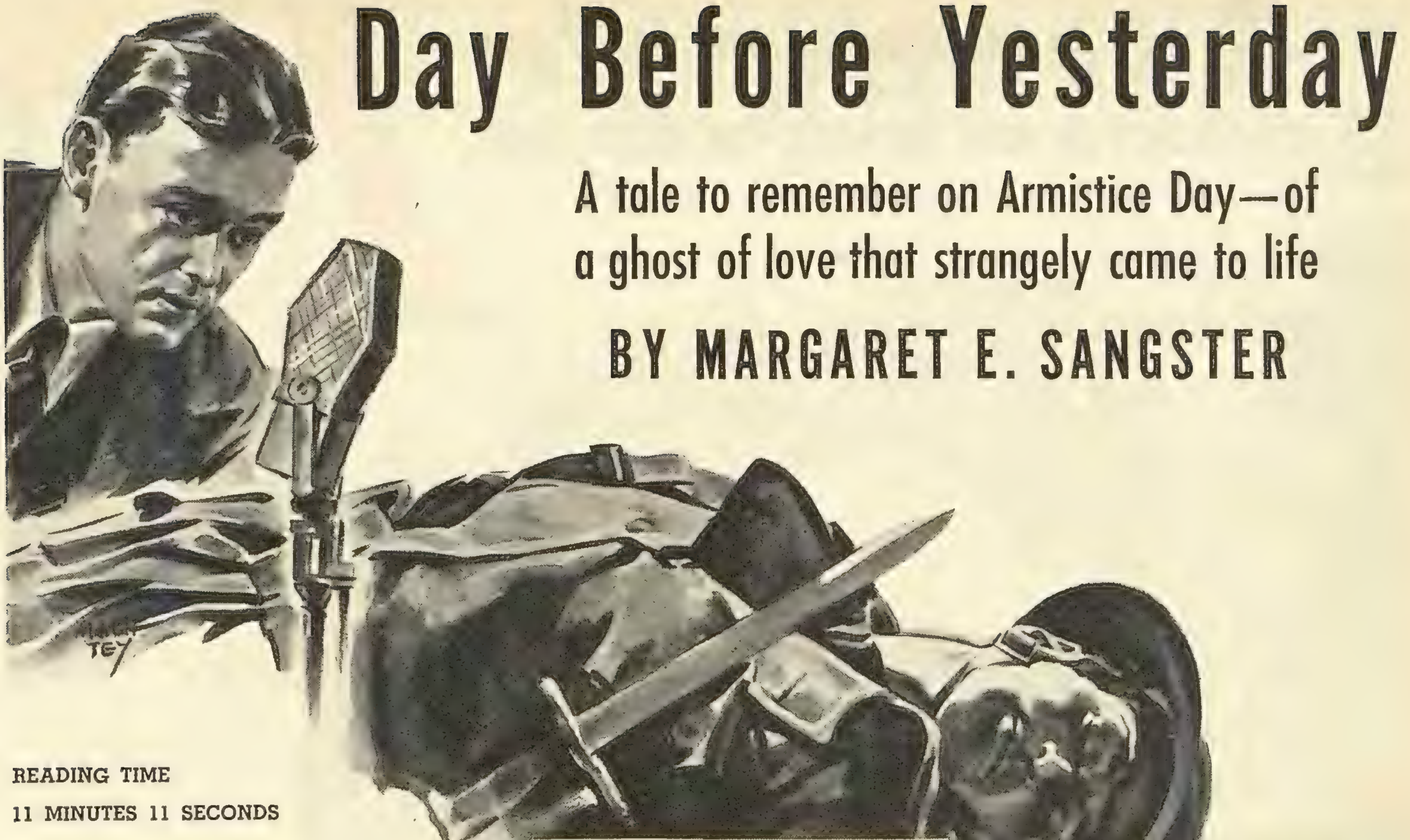
And in spite of all sorts of ideas to limit advertising, to control the writing of advertising copy, competition through advertising continues to be the important mechanism for giving the consumer a square deal.

THE END

Day Before Yesterday

A tale to remember on Armistice Day—of a ghost of love that strangely came to life

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER



READING TIME

11 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED
BY
MACHTEY

THE ex-war correspondent leaned close to the mike. His charming irregular face was serious. He said:

"The Armistice was signed just twenty years ago. That's a long while, counted in months; but counted in memories it's merely day before yesterday. . . . I want to talk tonight about something that happened on this day before yesterday. . . .

"I remember the actual coming of the Armistice. I was in a funny little town, with a name that I can't pronounce even yet, up near the front lines. I was so near the front, in fact, that I could feel the breeze made by the passing shells, and could see the spatter of mud where the shrapnel was hitting all about me. I knew—as practically everybody else knew—that the signing of the Armistice was right around the corner; but the knowledge didn't cut any ice. How could it, when men were being sent over the top every few minutes? It's the ghosts of the men who fell in the last hours of unnecessary fighting that are the most reproachful—even a fifth of a century later. . . .

"It's about one of those men that I'm going to tell you, for his ghost stays close beside me. I can still see him lying in the mud, with his head pillowed on his arm like a kid asleep. At that, he wasn't much more than a kid. . . ."

The ex-war correspondent paused. There are some people who say that his way of pausing at the psychological moment is the main reason for his popularity; why his stuff—news, comments of the day, glimpses of the past—has such a pull. Certainly his pauses are more expressive than many another man's rapid speech. After a long minute he sighed, and a nation's heart sighed with him. He went on talking.

"He was lying in the path," said the ex-war correspondent, "like a tired youngster. I guess he must've been pretty tired. . . . His face wasn't marked at all, but it was curiously opaque—as if some light had gone from behind it. There was a great red blob on his chest, and his leg was in shreds. I felt for his pulse, as a matter of course, though I knew it wasn't any use. There was an identification disk on his wrist, but I didn't bother with that—the folk who picked him up later would need it in their business. I did notice, though, that beside the place where he'd been wounded, on his chest, was a pocket. And, bending down, I saw—sticking out of that pocket—a wad of papers. I took them from the pocket—I guess partly because I'm a reporter and partly because, before long, I knew that they'd be unreadable. They were badly stained with blood already. . . ."

The ex-war correspondent paused again. He cleared his throat as if something choked him, and probably something did. Finally he continued:

"I took the papers into my hands, and they separated, and I saw that there was a long letter in a round unformed writing, and the picture of a girl. The picture wasn't very clear, what with the mud and the blood, but I could see that the girl was in her teens, and that she was blonde, and that the name she'd written under 'Your sincere friend' was Ann Something-or-Other. I couldn't decipher the last name. The letter was without an envelope, and was addressed to 'Dearest Kerwin' and was signed 'Ann.' I started to read the letter—standing there in that shell-torn mud. Don't ask me why! Men do funny things at times. But I hadn't got beyond the first line when a miracle happened. So suddenly that it almost hurt, the firing ceased and there weren't any more shells and the mud stopped spurting up around me. And a soldier with a beard came running toward me waving his arms. He was wearing a horizon-blue uniform, and he was yelling:

"'*Fini la guerre! Fini la guerre!*'

"As God is my witness, I'd meant to put the letter back in the dead boy's pocket, but I didn't do any such thing! I jammed it automatically into my own pocket, and before I knew it I

(*Continued on 3d page following*)

AMERICA'S FOUR

OLD alike in name and fame are these four whiskies.

They were the toast of New York when "Diamond Jim" Brady played host at Rector's and the Hoffman House.

Chicago relished them when the floor of the Palmer House bar was studded with silver dollars.

And at San Francisco's old St. Francis Hotel they gave heart to pioneers about to set forth for the Klondike's ice-bound gold.

Copyright 1938, National Dis

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

OLD TAYLOR – marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

OLD GRAND-DAD – one of the finest bourbons that ever came out of Kentucky

* Bottled

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT

OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS YOUR

*

MOST WHISKIES

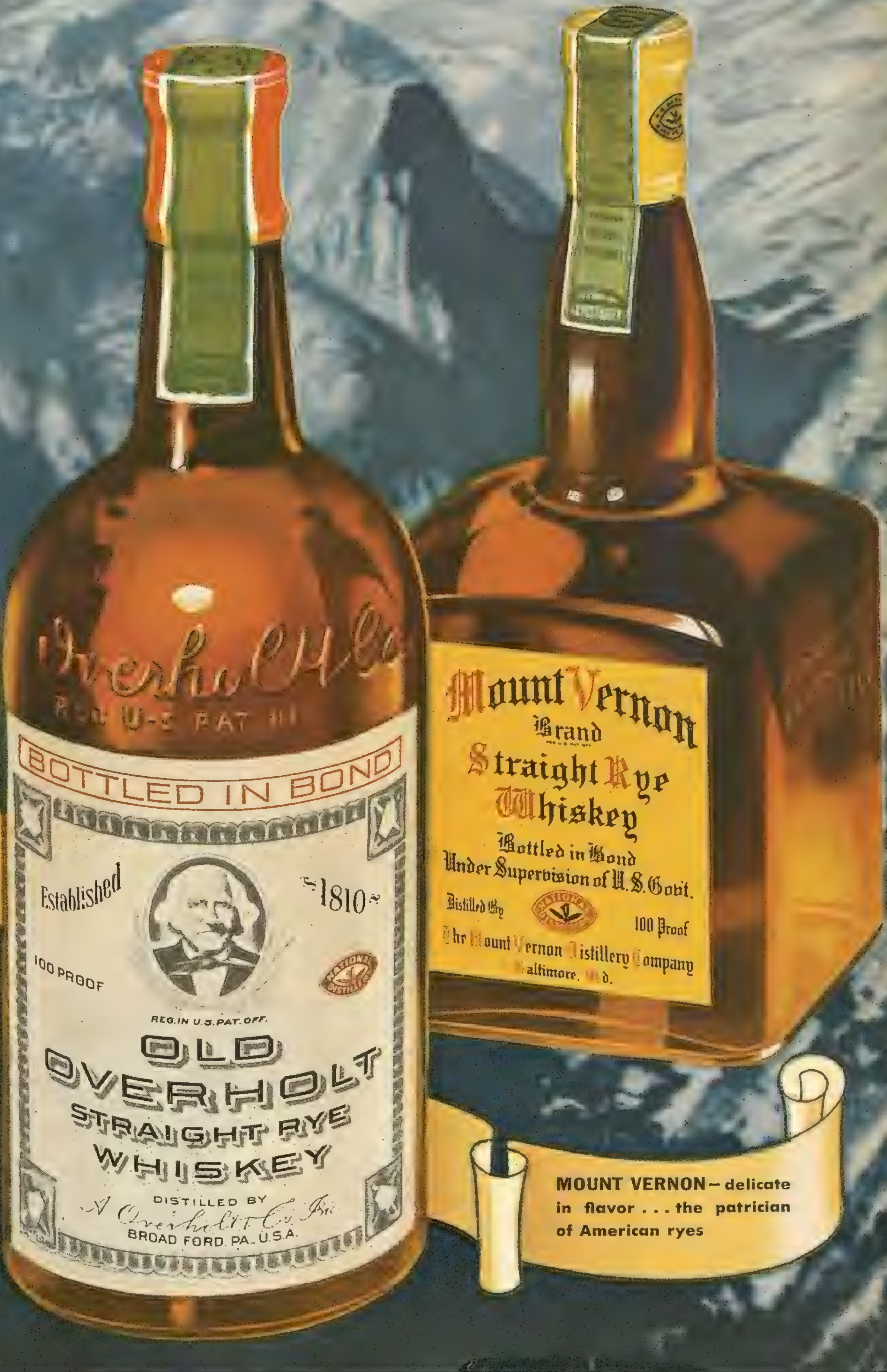
Theirs is a prestige that only the years can bestow, and nothing less than rare character and outstanding merit can account for the great and loyal following that each of this quartet has won.

Bottled in bond at full 100 proof under U. S. Government supervision, these four whiskies are as fine as money can buy . . . and at today's modest prices, a very little money buys them.

ers Products Corp., New York

OLD OVERHOLT – famous 128 years for its rich, robust rye taste

in Bond



Overholt
REG U-S PAT OFF
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD. PA. U.S.A.
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U. S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore. Md.

MOUNT VERNON – delicate in flavor . . . the patrician of American ryes

SUPERVISION and the EMBLEM

GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

(*Continued from 3d page preceding*) was running along beside the bearded soldier, and there were others running, and they were all shouting, '*Fini la guerre!*' and so was I. And everything else is a daze until days—no, this isn't meant to be a pun!—later. But when I finally came out of the mental fog that the end of war brought with it, I found the letter in my pocket and read it through.

"Believe it or not, there wasn't any clue to the identity of that letter writer. I've told you that the envelope was missing and there wasn't any last name signed to the message, and that the final part of the name on the picture—a cheap snapshot sort of thing—was entirely blotto. There wasn't any way of identifying the boy, either—for, though Kerwin as a first name is out of the ordinary, it's not traceable in army records. But after I'd read the letter through I wished I'd taken that kid's identification disk, so I could get in touch with his people. They might have managed to locate Ann if I'd written and told them about her. Do you mind"—a note of question here—"if I tell *you* about her?"

The men in the control room were leaning forward; they, obviously, didn't mind. They were the only visible audience, for the ex-war correspondent doesn't do his stuff in a studio with orchestra chairs and applause. After a split second in which he glanced at his watch, the narrator spoke.

"It was a love letter," he said, "from a seventeen-year-old girl to a boy she'd never seen. It was as young and idealistic as springtime and poetry and a Viennese waltz song on the violin. It was so young, and so sweet, that I felt as if I were cheating when I read it—as if I were looking through some spiritual keyhole into a youngster's secret soul. Seems that Ann had sent the boy a sweater—one of those shapeless hand-knitted things—and had pinned her name and address on it. And the boy had written to her, and she'd written back and sent her picture. That had been the beginning of a casual correspondence that had become, in the course of months, anything but casual. For he'd evidently told her that—if he came home in one piece—he was going to look her up and ask her to marry him. The letter I read—that I'd lifted out of Kerwin's bloodstained pocket—was the letter she'd sent to him in answer, saying that she'd be waiting for his return.

"'It won't matter if you're shell-shocked,' she wrote at the end, 'or broken to bits. It won't matter how you come to me, so long as you do come. And (though this is impossible) if you don't come, I'll still wait. I've never seen you, but your letters have made you more real, and more close to my heart, than anybody else can ever be.'"

The ex-war correspondent paused once more, and one of the men in the control room sniffled, and the listening audience thought it was static.

"And so," the correspondent said at last, "the boy's ghost is kind of near at times. Asking about the picture, and why I didn't leave it with him, so that a dream could go along on the journey he was taking. And the ghost of the girl—though she's probably alive (and married, I hope, and with a kid named Kerwin, for him)—is wishing that somebody had been able to tell her what happened, and when, and why. . . ."

One of the men in the control room made a gesture. The ex-war correspondent looked at his watch and laughed, albeit shakily.

"Well, folks," he said, "I'm running past my time. An Armistice Day program makes me, if you know what I mean—and you certainly ought to, by this time!—garrulous. I'll be talking to you again next week. Not about sad things, either. Perhaps I'll tell you how we used to get ready for Thanksgiving back on the farm. Two weeks before we'd go on a starvation diet . . ."

A slim chap stepped forward and said:

"This is your announcer, Joe Weeks, speaking. You've been listening to—"

THE man might have been thirty-eight, but he looked older. Maybe because his hair was so entirely gray. Because he was sitting at his desk, with the opulence of a silk dressing gown falling in folds to the floor, it wasn't obvious that one of his legs was too stiffly held to be real.

He was writing a letter.

"I listened to your talk tonight," ran the letter. "I'm Kerwin, and I'm very much alive. You're a better reporter than you are a pulse feeler.

"They picked me up out of the mud—probably a couple of hours after you passed down the road—and took me to a base hospital. They did things to my chest (the wound there, incidentally, wasn't as fatal as it looked) and amputated my leg. . . . A year later they sent me home, and I drifted from hospital to hospital; and finally, after another year, I was turned loose.

"I hadn't any people—it wouldn't have done any good if you'd taken my tag. That's why I enlisted so young—there wasn't a soul to stop me from enlisting. So it might have been fairly tragic—this turning loose process—but it wasn't. A fellow in my outfit had a rich dad, and the dad owned a factory, and a wooden leg didn't make any difference to either of them. After twenty years I'm a junior partner and doing darn well.

"You're wondering about Ann. I had her address, of course. It was printed—does this sound like sentimental drivel?—on my heart. But I couldn't put the burden of a *penniless* cripple on her. I waited until I had a job—though the waiting wasn't easy—and then I wrote. The letter was returned, stamped 'Removed.' I went to the little town where she'd lived with her father—her mother was dead. They told me that the father had died, too, and that Ann had gone to 'the city' to earn her living. They didn't know what city. *Fini la guerre,* you say? *Fini romance!*

"I too hope that Ann's married—yes, I even hope that!—and has a couple of youngsters. Because if she has married she's missed the loneliness I know. I'm still a bachelor—and I guess I always will be."

The letter writer paused here. Then he added hurriedly:

"If you still have that picture of Ann among your war souvenirs, will you be a good fellow and send it to me at the above address? I'd like to have it."

THE woman? She might have been thirty-seven, but she looked younger, perhaps because her hair was as blonde as flax, perhaps because she still wore the wondering, puzzled look of a child that some one has punished unfairly.

She wrote:

"I'm Ann. And, please, I want my picture and my letter back, if you've kept them. After all, they were with Kerwin when he died.

"I haven't ever married, and I haven't a child named for him. I'm a filing clerk in a law office, and all I do is work and listen to the radio and sometimes go to the movies. I don't go to war movies—and I even came near turning you off when you began to talk about the Armistice!

"You see, I meant what I wrote in the letter. *I always will love him.*"

NEXT morning the ex-war correspondent found the two letters lying side by side on his desk. He read them over hastily; then more slowly and with a look of dawning wonder. And then, though slightly damp of eye, he chuckled.

"If I put in a couple of phone calls," he said to his secretary, "they can have lunch together. What price the long arm of coincidence! They work less than a city square apart!"

"Who works less than a city square apart?" asked the secretary.

The ex-war correspondent made answer.

"Ann and Kerwin," he told her.

"Who, in heaven's name, are Ann and Kerwin?" questioned the secretary.

The ex-war correspondent spoke a trifle impatiently.

"The boy and girl I talked about last night on the air," he told her. "The boy wasn't dead, after all. Weren't you listening to me?"

"I never do!" answered his secretary. She went on sorting the fan mail.

THE END

Will the OXFORD MOVEMENT Bring Peace to Europe?

Here's news—A stirring chronicle of progress in a bold campaign against war

BY KENASTON TWITCHELL

DR. FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A FEW hours before leaving England recently I talked with the porter of a quiet old hotel in the West End of London. He had been in that same hotel for over forty years. He had worked his way up through the most menial jobs. Now he has a new sort of work to do. One night a week he spends in a strange night school. There he learns how to seal up a room with gummed paper and sacking, so that poison gases cannot get in. He showed me his manual. It contained vivid descriptions of the effects of the various noxious gases. It showed how to avert panic when the sirens blow, how to keep gas masks in order.

My friend the porter has 500,000 companions learning the same rules—volunteers for the ARP (Air-Raid Precaution). As my wife and I left London we arranged with friends where our three children should be taken in the country in case war broke out during our visit to America. And there are plans to evacuate 3,000,000 people out of that city in seventy-two hours as soon as the conflict looms.

Peace or war? This question of destiny forms the background of thinking for millions of men and women. Their eyes sadden as they watch their children growing up and wonder if the day will come when, in anguish of body and soul, those children will regret the day they were born.

It is now two years since Stanley Baldwin said, "If another war comes, it will mean the breakdown of our civilization. And if it comes, we deserve to have it."

What is the price of a true peace? How can mankind be set free to fulfill its highest hopes and ambitions? With all that has been done wrong, what is there to be done right? And what part can the ordinary man play?

A bold answer to these questions is heard with increasing insistence today in many parts of the globe. It comes from that well known movement, the Oxford Group.

Last summer there broke in the Scandinavian papers the recommendation that the next Nobel Peace Prize should be given to Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, leader and founder of the Oxford Group. At about the same time I was talking in New York with Dr. Rudolf Holsti, Foreign Minister of Finland. Asked about the question of peace or war in Europe, he said he was unable to commit himself on that point. "I would like to speak, however," he said, "of the great work you Americans are doing in Europe through the Oxford Group. It has became a great world power. It is penetrating the highest political and economic circles, bringing people together."

To New York a few days later came a traveler from the Far East. After more than forty years in China, Dr. Logan Roots, Missionary Bishop of Hankow, was on his way to Europe. Close friend for many years of the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, he had dined with them the night before leaving Hankow, while the Japanese were pressing to send their fleet up the Yangtze River to destroy the city. Talking quietly to newspapermen, Dr. Roots spoke of the deep interest taken by the Chiang Kai-sheks in the Oxford Group, and of their hopes as to its contribution to the life of China when hostilities cease. On his way home he stopped at Tokyo, where, as he reported, many Japanese with influence in government circles had pledged themselves to the Oxford Group and were biding their time to rebuild their nation on these principles. "I am confident," he said, "that this movement will play a large part in the reconstruction of both nations after hostilities cease."

What is the philosophy that inspires such results and such hopes? Why does the president of the Norwegian Parliament say that he sees more hope for peace and world reconstruction in the Oxford Group than anywhere else in the world today?

The Oxford Group believes and proclaims that the hearts of men must be changed before there can be a lasting peace. So long as there is war within human nature, says this movement, war between husband and wife, between capital and labor, between class and class, then there will be war between nations breaking out in military form. We need to begin, they say, with the spirit of war wherever it exists, and change it. And they produce convincing evidence. A determined and inspired minority can carry the majority with them. It is the lesson of history.

Now, the Oxford Group is frank to admit that it takes God to bring this new spirit into human nature. They believe that the world's primary need is for moral recovery, for moral rearmament, and they have found this can only be achieved through a spiritual renaissance in human nature. Beginning with individuals who discover peace within themselves, this new spirit spreads to declare peace where there has been war, in every sort of situation.

Down in the East End of London live over a million and a half unemployed and their dependents, doomed for years to live on the dole. A fertile field for destructive agitation and class hatred, the "special" areas are the concern of every British Government.

In one of the boroughs of East London lives a man called Bill. He has been one of the principal troublemakers of England. Eager to help his people, he saw no way but to foment a negative revolution to break down the existing order of things, in the hope that somehow a better one might emerge from the chaos that followed, with his class on top. A powerful orator, he gathered men about him to incite riots, to inflame crowds, or perhaps to spend an evening of leisure breaking thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of plate glass. One night they "took over" a meeting in a church which was being addressed by a bishop, and even walked off with the collection!

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Signed Gustav Paarmann
Head Barber, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, New York City

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Colgate
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

Bill taught his wife to hate. It was not difficult. One of her babies had died in her arms, an easy prey to disease as a result of undernourishment. He also tried to make a good atheist out of his son, who is now ten years old.

Into his district, West Ham, there came one day a number of young men of the Oxford Group. They were convinced that Bill, as the keyman of the district, ought to be changed. Bill was not a very promising prospect at that time. Nonetheless, up to his door they walked, and knocked.

"Lookin' for me?" said Bill.

"I guess you'll do," they replied, with the friendliness that characterizes their work.

HE brought them inside, thinking they were young Communists from Oxford. Then, as they talked, one of them dropped a remark that, whatever changes were needed in the economic system, the real change needed was in the human heart, and only God could bring it about, when people were willing.

Bill was not sure he had heard correctly. "I didn't know what to do at this point," he told me later. "I could see these men would make good material for my revolution. But I also wanted to scare them off. So I suggested that I go out and round up some of my friends while they got hold of some of theirs. Then we would all get together and talk it over. I knew they had heard of my crowd, and I thought this suggestion would be enough to clear the house. To my surprise, they accepted the proposition gladly. So I went out and found six of the toughest men in West Ham. I told them we were going to have a 'Bible-punching' class at our house, and would they like to come? When they got the point, they accepted with eagerness. And the Group men got hold of some of their friends too."

They all met at Bill's house, and started in to talk at half past two in the afternoon. They were still going at half past one the next morning. The Group men refused to argue about social problems. They kept coming back to the question of personal honesty and the right place to begin setting things right. Bill says he tried to kick that question out of his bed all night. "I knew I was dishonest right through," he said.

Next day one of the young men came to live in his house. There was no extra bed, so he slept on a folding chair. And there he stayed, for three months, in order to change Bill's life. And he succeeded.

Today Bill is the leader of a "positive" revolution. Around him is a growing army of men and women—more than a hundred and fifty families when I last saw him—who have started in the last few months to change lives and conditions in the East End of London. Class hatred is on the decline in West Ham now. And the new revolution has spread so fast and so deeply into the surrounding boroughs that seven East London mayors asked if they could show their gratitude by giving a birthday party in the East Ham Town Hall for Frank Buchman on his sixtieth birthday. And Bill's ten-year-old son recently told him: "You know, dad, I was scared to tell you then. But all the time you were talking to me and telling me there wasn't any God—well, God was talking to me too, and telling me to pray for you!"

One more story to show how this new spirit is spreading. This one has to do with a man who is the Foreign Minister of his country, the Netherlands. When the Oxford Group held meetings in Utrecht a year ago, the German papers estimated that there was a total attendance of over 100,000 during one week-end. One of those who addressed that vast assembly in the Market Hall of Utrecht was an elderly Conservative leader. He told the crowd that day that, whether or not he liked by temperament to speak of his own experience in public, he dared not be silent, "lest I keep from you, the people of my country, what this new spirit has meant in my own life."

Sitting in a front row was the editor of the leading Socialist paper, who reaches about one million people a day with his writings. Previously he had said that he would rather see his daughter's legs broken than see her on an Oxford Group platform. Next day, after hearing his former political enemy speak, he wrote: "If the Conservatives are going to speak that language, we will have to have a different attitude towards them."

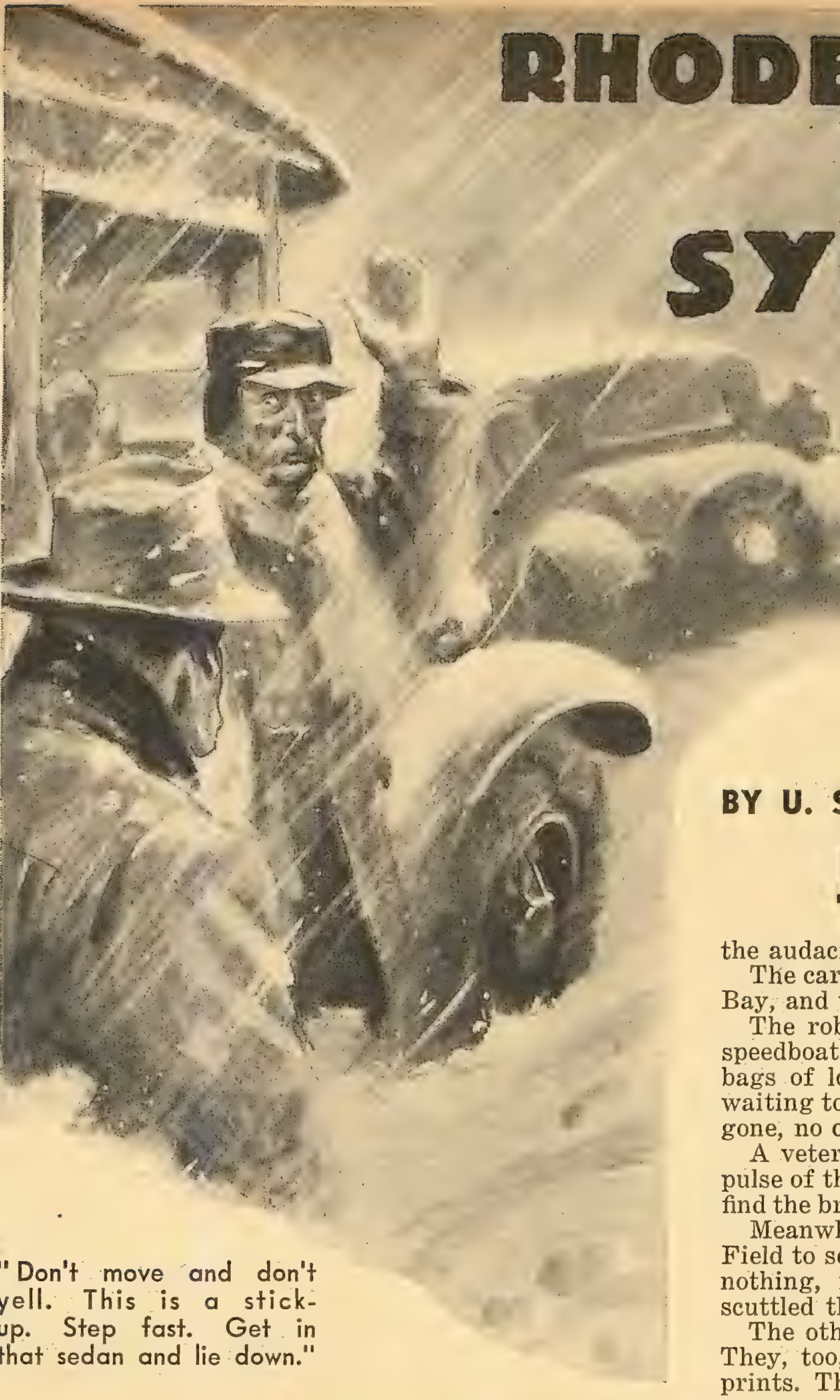
IT was the beginning of the process by which the editor, as well as his daughter, found that new spirit for themselves. A few months ago I was at a home in the Netherlands and met those two men, both guests under the same roof, now friends, planning together with other leaders the future life of their nation. And the Socialist editor said to me, "Since Utrecht, people we never thought could work together are now co-operating." While the Foreign Minister spoke of the time he spent each morning, as do the others in the Oxford Group, quietly listening to God for direction, not only as to personal affairs but also as to the foreign affairs of his nation.

A few weeks ago forty-five members of the British Parliament gave a dinner in the House of Commons to Frank Buchman. These men were drawn from all parties, but they were united in interest in this man and in this movement. To the dinner the Foreign Minister of the Netherlands, Dr. J. A. N. Patijn, sent this message: "Congratulations to one who taught me that also in politics the only way is to be found under God's guidance."

So goes the Oxford Group, racing against time with the forces of destruction and war, convinced that their philosophy is not only the surest road to peace but also the speediest.

THE END

RHODE ISLAND'S MURDER SYNDICATE



"Don't move and don't yell. This is a stick-up. Step fast. Get in that sedan and lie down."

Robbery as an art—The eye-opening inside story of a streamlined crime

BY U. S. MARSHAL

JOHN J. MURPHY

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

His kidnapers took young John O'Connell from Albany to Hoboken. There they forced him to sign ransom notes written by Manny Strewl, whom the O'Connell family supposed a blameless go-between. Threats to kill John resulted in his Uncle Dan raising $40,000, and after a delay owing to an attempt to pay that sum in "marked" currency, the young man was delivered to his parents. He was able to tell the police of Manny Strewl's actual role. In due course Strewl took a fifty-year rap; took it without squealing on Rettich's men, and thus proved himself a "right guy"—or a prudent one.

The O'Connell case disposed of, Marshal Murphy began last week an astonishing inside account of the famous armored-car stick-up in Brooklyn on August 22, 1934. He states flatly that it was a Rettich job, done by Harrigan as superintendent, Dugan as the loafer outside the tennis courts, Garguilo as the fake ice peddler with machine guns in his pushcart, and others. At the time, the greatest mystery was how the robbers could have escaped with their half-million cash loot, for within ten minutes Brooklyn had been most efficiently "bottled up" by the New York Police Department.

PART FOUR—THE FALL RIVER JOB

IT was nearly two hours after the robbery that police learned, dismally, how they had been outwitted.

The Lincoln sedan—a stolen car—had fled west. It was found now a short distance *east* of the scene of the hold-up, near the foot of Bay Thirty-fifth Street. So the audacious bandits had doubled back on their tracks.

The car was found not far from the edge of Gravesend Bay, and witnesses supplied the answer to the puzzle.

The robbers had made their escape by means of two speedboats. Out into the bay they had escaped with their bags of loot. A mile offshore a lobster boat had been waiting to take them aboard. Where the lobster boat had gone, no one knew.

A veteran police inspector put his finger on the very pulse of the crime: "When and if we get this gang, we'll find the brains of it is an ex-bootlegger."

Meanwhile police planes took off from Floyd Bennett Field to search the waters about New York. They found nothing, realized that by this time the bandits had scuttled their escape boats and were safely ashore.

The other automobiles used in the crime were found. They, too, were stolen cars. None bore helpful fingerprints. The machine gun was found to be one stolen from an armory. The ice peddler's pushcart was traced to a firm on the lower East Side which rented them for thirty-five cents a day. The firm could not remember the man who had rented this one, and its books yielded only a fictitious name and address.

Two canvas bags stamped "Return to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York" were found three weeks after the hold-up. One was picked up along the beach at Keansburg, New Jersey—a state that had been sanctuary and stronghold for most of the members of the Rettich gang.

The other struck even closer home. It was found along the road outside Duxbury, Massachusetts.

While sixty New York detectives were devoting every minute fruitlessly to an estimated $100,000 man hunt, the Boss and his boys were busily mapping out another crime. This time they planned to thumb their noses at the federal government.

Originally, Rettich had visualized this Fall River coup as just another simple bank job. Now it developed into something far greater. It is not always possible—even after a crime has been solved—to reconstruct every detail of it. In this story it can, with absolute authenticity, be done.

It was Gloomy Joe Fisher who cased the job—he and his pal of the number-racket days, Andino Merola. Carl

Rettich had long had his eye on Fall River, Massachusetts. Most important industrial town in New England and largest cotton-milling city in the United States, it handled some big-money pay rolls.

"I want you to go down there, Joe," instructed Rettich, "and look around. Who do you want to take with you?"

"How about Andy Merola?"

Round-faced Carl Rettich nodded approval. "Andy'll be all right, Joe. Take Andy. I don't care who you boys take—*so long as it's not a punk, an outsider.* Come back in a week and let me know how it looks."

Gloomy Joe and Merola went to Fall River, drove through its business section. Of all the banks they saw, a preliminary inspection convinced them that the B. M. C. Durfee Trust Company offered the best possibilities. Directly across the street from it was a hotel. Merola and Fisher registered at the hotel, obtained a room with a window looking down upon the bank. For days they studied it, spotted its officials, charted its flow of customers, ascertained its lunch hour—the hour when the building would be short of employees.

They drove back to the crime castle at Warwick Neck and reported to the Boss. He studied their charts. Under "Wednesday" was revealed the fact that early in the morning an armored car had appeared at the bank. From it some packages had been carried inside.

"Go back there next week," ordered Rettich. "I want you to clock that armored truck. If it comes to the bank next Wednesday and the Wednesday after that at the same hour, it's probably delivering dough for cotton-mill pay rolls. You can double-check on it. According to this time sheet of yours, the truck hung around the bank, picked up some more packages, and drove away. Probably it delivered the shipment of money to the bank, the bank made up the pay rolls, and the truck took the pay rolls to the various mills. Find out when the mills pay the men off. But don't tip your hands."

Gloomy Joe Fisher's collegian chum Herbert Hyman Hornstein.

Back to Fall River went Gloomy Joe and Andy. Two weeks later they returned. They were jubilant.

"You doped it out right, Carl. That armored car sure has pay-roll dough in it. Last Wednesday it hit the bank at the same time, delivered packages, waited, got some packages from the bank, and drove away. The payday angle is all right on time, and one of the workmen at the mills says they pay off in cash."

"How do you know," demanded Rettich, "that from the bank the truck delivers pay-roll money to the mills?"

Surprised, Gloomy Joe Fisher answered:

"Why, you said yourself, Carl . . ."

"I said it was likely," snapped Rettich. "We don't leave anything to chance in this business. Go back to Fall River. Tail that armored car. Find out where it goes when it leaves the bank. Understand? If it visits factories, get friendly with men working in each factory. Buy 'em drinks. Pick out foremen, if possible. But watch yourself."

"Then what?" asked Merola.

"Then," replied Rettich, his slate-gray eyes agleam, "find out from them how many employees, approximately, each factory has that the armored car visits. Find out what kind of wages the factories pay. Try to strike an average wage for each factory. Then bring those figures back to me."

Gloomy Joe pondered this order, then smiled. "I get it. You're trying to figure how much dough that armored car carries; whether the job is worth pulling."

"You catch on fast," said Rettich.

They were back a week later with the news that after leaving the bank, the armored car did deliver pay-roll packages to various mills. They had approximate rates of pay and numbers of employees at each mill. Carl Rettich sat down to do some hasty multiplication.

"If you've got the average wage right," he announced, "that truck is hauling around three hundred thousand dollars in cash."

Gloomy Joe whistled. "Which do we push over," he asked—"the armored truck or the bank?"

"Either one. But only if we have to. We'd be boobs," said Rettich, "to do things the hard way. I've been studying this job. I've got a hunch we haven't found the easiest way to pull it."

"But we've brought you all the dope."

"No, you haven't." He grinned. "You know when the armored truck comes to the bank with the money. You know when it leaves and where it goes. But what you don't know—and what I want you to go back and find out—is this: Where does the truck get the money before it comes to the bank?"

Once again Merola and Fisher went back to Fall River. They traced the armored truck back to the post office. They learned that the money was delivered to the post office by a mail truck. They back-traced the mail truck to the Fall River railroad station, and learned that the money arrived each Wednesday on the crack Boston-Fall River train.

They carried the information to Rettich.

"That's better," he said. "Much better. Who rides the mail truck from the depot to the post office?"

"Only one guy," supplied Merola—"the driver."

"That's the weak link. Forget the armored car and the bank. Either would take a big gang. We can push over that truck with only five, six men. Hike back to Fall River and check the truck thoroughly. I'll work out the angles here on how the job's to be pulled. Harrigan, Dugan, and McGlone will be in on it with you.

"Another thing. Andy, you buy a car—a used car or a hot car, it doesn't matter. Then get a couple of sets of license plates. You know how to work it. Each of you get a set. They'll come in handy."

Outside the crime castle, Fisher grumbled.

"Carl's smart, Andy. He's smooth as hell. But why do we two have to stick our necks out getting those phony plates? We have to put our handwriting on an application and we have to take a temporary residence where some one gets a good look at us. Both those things may bounce back in our laps."

Andy Merola shrugged.

"Somebody has to get those plates, Joe."

"Yeah. Somebody. I got an idea."

Thus came about the first—and last—bit of deliberate disobedience on the part of one of Carl Rettich's closely disciplined lieutenants.

Gloomy Joe Fisher violated the first law of the Rettich mob. To spare himself the danger of obtaining false auto registration plates, he turned that job over to another man. And that man was not a member of the gang but a rank outsider.

His name was Herbert Hyman Hornstein.

Herbert Hornstein hailed from Providence, was a Brown University graduate of the class of 1932, had taken premedical courses. To his college chums he had been known as "the Rajah." He was of average height and weight, dark-haired, with hungry—and shifty—brown eyes. He affected a small mustache. An inveterate gambler, he became unpopular with his fellows when they nailed him, red-handed, in a dormitory crap game rolling a pair of loaded dice.

His college days over, Hornstein became a small-time gambler and took to hanging out in a drugstore run by Joe Fisher's brother Albert. It was here that he met Joe.

Between College Graduate Hornstein and Public Enemy Fisher sprang up a warm friendship.

At the moment they had a common bond. Both were in trouble—minor trouble, to be sure—with the law. Hornstein was awaiting trial for the theft of a valuable microscope from a Brown University laboratory. Fisher, arrested for driving an auto after his driver's license had been revoked, was awaiting decision upon his appeal of a three-months sentence.

Gloomy Joe Fisher suggested that his good friend Hornstein drive him around. In the early part of November, 1934, Gloomy Joe, driven by Hornstein, picked up Andy Merola. They were to make another reconnaissance at Fall River that day and Merola looked narrowly at Hornstein before motioning Fisher to one side.

"Look, Joe," he said. "We can't take the kid to Fall River. You know what Rettich's rule is."

"The kid's O. K.," drawled Gloomy Joe. "He and I are buddies. I'd cut my right arm off." His voice dropped. "Besides, Andy, he's the sap who's gonna get those license plates for us."

They drove to Fall River, where in a real-estate broker's office Joe inquired about stores to let. Having thus established an alibi for his presence that day in the town, they drove immediately to the railroad station where the mail truck would receive the pay-roll money.

From there they went carefully over the route they intended to take —up North Main Street, left up another street, up a steep hill, and out past a cemetery. From the cemetery they zigzagged through various streets until they reached the water's edge of Mount Hope Bay. Andy Merola checked the time it had taken them. "Now," he said, "we've got to find a place for the speedboat."

When they next conferred with Rettich, they had rehearsed the crime, been over the entire route, a dozen times. Neither man mentioned that Hornstein had gone with them.

RETTICH had been eager to pull the job on the third Wednesday in December, the 19th, when he figured the mail sacks would carry an extra cargo of holiday cash.

But now, with a map of Fall River before him, he shook his head. "I'm not satisfied," he announced. "Too many chances for a slip-up. That road to the cemetery is tough. You'd have to make a switch to a car at the cemetery, then drive the car to the boat, make another switch, and then get away in the boat. I've got a simpler route doped out for you. You'll have to go back and rehearse it all over. Here's what we do:

"Instead of sticking up the truck and grabbing the money at the scene, we simplify it. We stick up the truck and drive the truck away."

He put a finger on the map.

"Not to the cemetery. Out this way. About two miles. Toward Somerset. We'll have a side road picked out there.

(Continued on page 42)

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PLAIN OR CORK

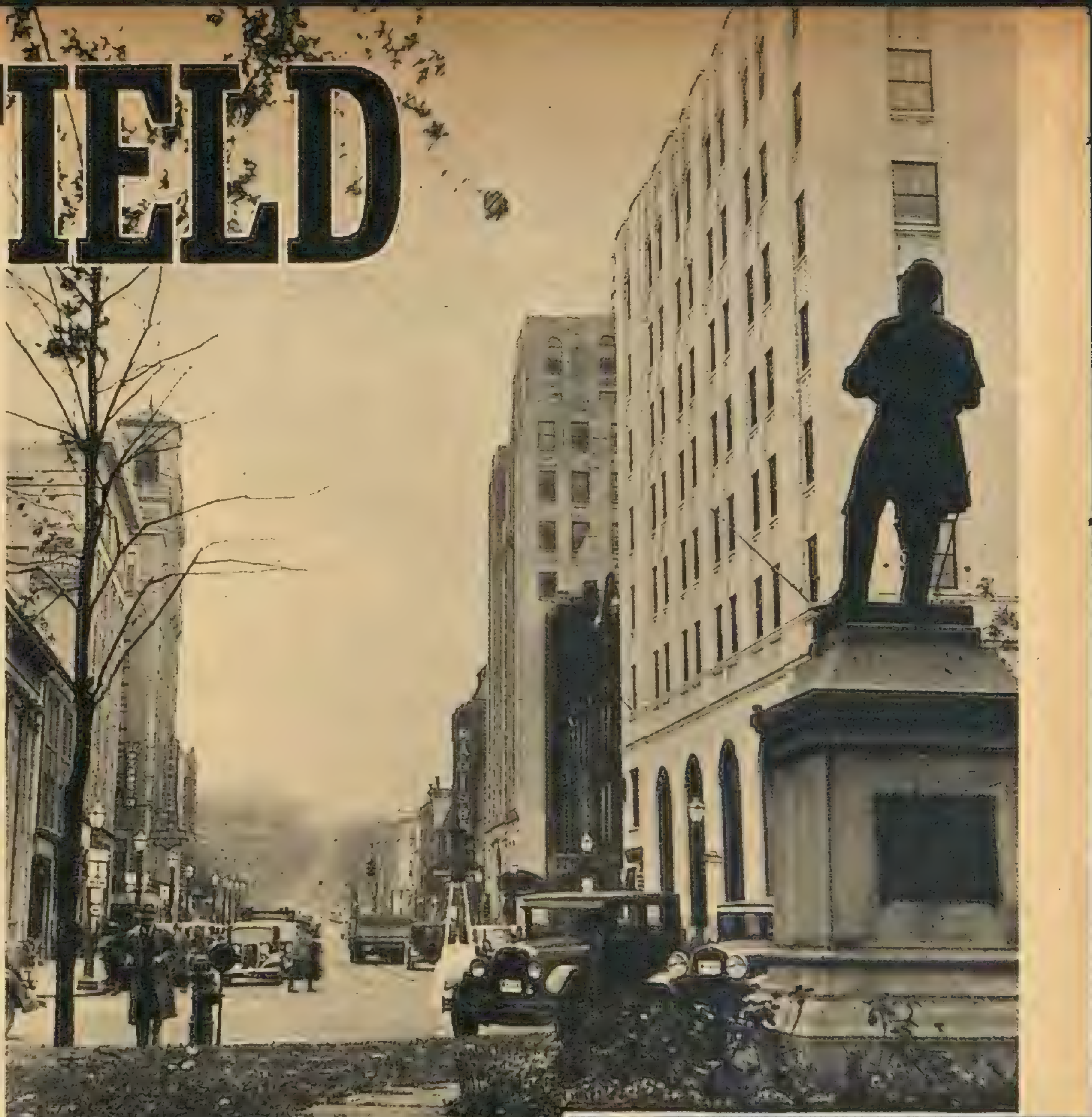
©The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Louisville, Kentucky.

MANSFIELD

C. R. Arbaugh, Mansfield's best-known grocer, likes Liberty because "it prints stories by men who *know* sports."

Weston Cutter, Mansfield's big Chevrolet dealer says: "Liberty ranks high for its editorials, for courageous articles like those Will Irwin writes. I read everything he says in Liberty."

Mrs. F. David Boals is President of the Mansfield Council of Parent-Teachers Association. She likes the editorials and articles, and, in lighter vein, "the interesting sketches of unusual people" on Princess Kropotkin's page.



Mansfield has its "town green"—Central Park—a reminder of the early settlers, now the heart of the business district. Here is the corner of Park Avenue and Main Street.

Warren W. Loomis runs the busy Gulf station, never misses an issue of Liberty. "First I go through the whole magazine, then I try myself out on Twenty Questions."

C. L. Van Derau is Manager of Manufacturing in the big Westinghouse plant at Mansfield. "I appreciate Liberty's viewpoint on the many problems of the day," he says, "and it gives me relaxation as well."

Charles H. Keating is President of the Lumbermen's Mutual Insurance Company. Says President Keating: "The articles in Liberty on current economic questions should be read by all business executives."

The solid substance of the Richland County Court House is mute evidence of the stability of the community.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR LIBERTY
BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

EALED CHASSIS
BUICK

R. B. Gardner, better known as "Mud" in Mansfield. Commander of the American Legion, an automobile dealer for 24 years, he still answers to the nickname of his racing days. He likes Liberty best for "those articles on the CIO, and the editorials."

Diversified Industry Makes Ohio City Example of "Worthwhile America"

MANSFIELD
CORPORATION LIMIT

MIDWAY between Cleveland and Columbus, in the heart of Ohio's great manufacturing area, lies a small and solid city of 40,000 which is typical of the country's better industrial communities.

Mansfield is frankly industrial. From its busy factories flow tires, steel, brass goods, refrigerators and other home appliances, cigars, gloves, bathroom fixtures and farm machinery—the products of more than eighty industries.

In Mansfield, well diversified industry has created the qualities which make a city worthwhile as a place to live, and as a market. Beyond the factories are pleasant streets, the tidy homes of workers proud of their skill, the more imposing residences, the parks, schools, shopping sections—all the things which make Mansfield an example of worthwhile America. On these pages we interview some of the business, social, and civic leaders of Mansfield who read Liberty.

Naturally, a magazine which carries authority with these leaders of local thought has influence among all its readers; just as a magazine read and respected by the head of a company is read and respected by his better employees.

Mrs. E. K. Bacon, director of the Community Players, likes Liberty "for the short stories—which are exceptionally good theatre."

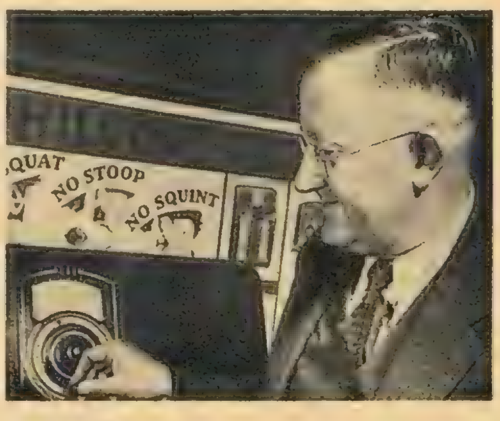
J. M. Hill, as President of the Empire Sheet & Tin Plate Company, is one of Mansfield's imposing, yet human figures. "Spencer Tracy's recent article in Liberty made me check up on myself," he confesses.

John W. Graham, general manager of Mansfield's News-Journal says, "I read Liberty for articles like the Irwin series on labor which make people think."

Paul M. Eliot is secretary-treasurer of The Farmers' Savings and Trust Company. "I like the sound common sense incorporated in Liberty's virile editorial pages."

Copyright, 1938, Liberty Magazine

Guy H. Lautsbaugh does the biggest prescription business in town. A weekly reader, he likes the way Liberty gives both sides of the question. "Pro on one page, and con on the other—that's fair play."



J. L. Metcalf, proprietor Met's Auto Supply, reads Liberty every week. He enjoys many things in Liberty, was particularly impressed by "that article on gambling—there's a good lesson in it for everyone."

(Continued from page 39)

We'll have a truck with a secret hide in it parked, waiting on that side road. The money is switched there—only one switch—and our truck is driven straight up here. We leave the mail truck and the hot car on the side road. That's simple enough. Go over there next week and work it out. And pick up a cheap car and a couple sets of false license plates."

Fisher and Merola followed orders—up to a point. They were determined now to use young Hornstein as their own cat's-paw. They took him one day to the Automobile Registry Building. They sent him in for a registration blank—an application for license plates. Fisher supplied him with numbers to fill in the spaces marked "Motor Number" and "Serial Number."

"What name'll I sign?" asked Hornstein.

"Any name you can think of," replied Fisher.

Hornstein signed "Frederick Powers."

"What do I put for address?"

"We'll get you an address right away."

They drove to Pawtucket, chose a roominghouse at 83 Broad Street. Fisher gave Hornstein some money.

"Go in there and rent a room under the name of Frederick Powers. Pay in advance. Tell 'em you're a landscape gardener and have work at the Narragansett Park race track. Put this address on that application and mail it in. When the plates come, you can duck out.

"You don't have to stay here at all. Just check the mail every day. But turn back the blankets and punch the pillows to make it look like you're sleeping here."

The landlady at 83 Broad Street—Mrs. Charity Wilson—got a new roomer. And Fisher and Merola got a set of false registration plates.

Using the selfsame trick, Fisher and Merola sent Herbert Hornstein to another Pawtucket roominghouse—that of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Horowitz at 51 Main Street. There, under the name of Peter Dubois, Hornstein obtained a second set of registration plates.

Andy Merola had obtained a hot sedan for the job. They needed a garage to store it in. They drove with Hornstein to Fall River. In Van Buren Street they found the garage they wanted. They drove downtown and parked. Again Fisher gave Hornstein some money.

"Go to the five-and-ten. Buy a cheap razor and some shaving cream. Then go in the men's room of that hotel over there and shave off that mustache."

Hornstein, proud of his close-cropped mustache, was on the point of objecting, but when he looked into Gloomy Joe's hard, morose eyes, he obeyed. Fifteen minutes later he had rented the gang its garage.

They drove to a junk shop. "Go in there, Herb," Fisher told him, "and buy three or four burlap bags. Get the biggest ones you can find."

As he walked away, Fisher turned to Merola: "We'll need good big ones to put those mail sacks in."

They drove to Olneyville, Rhode Island, stopped before a store. "Go in there and buy me a hat," Fisher ordered. "I want one that'll cover my kisser."

Hornstein bought the hat; later, a blue lumber jacket.

THEY drove to Fall River one Wednesday morning for a final check-up. Then on the night of January 21 they drove to the Fall River garage Hornstein had rented. Fisher and Merola carried with them all the useful little things they would need two days later—lumber jackets, hats, false registration plates, tire chains, tools and jacks and a pair of stolen bolt cutters that might come in handy should the mail-truck lock offer resistance.

They parked half a block from the garage. Merola stayed in the car. Fisher took young Hornstein with him. They entered the garage where the hot car to be used was parked. It was a Plymouth sedan. Hornstein put a hand on it. Fisher came and wiped with his handkerchief the place Hornstein had touched.

"Ever hear of fingerprints, kid?" he asked. "You've got a pair of gloves. Put 'em on."

Fisher himself was wearing black lisle gloves.

Hornstein held a flashlight while Fisher put chains and equalizers on the car, which had on it the plates Hornstein had obtained under the name of Frederick Powers. Fisher took these plates off, substituted the

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ones Hornstein had obtained under the name of Peter Dubois. Driving home, they told Hornstein to throw the Powers plates off the Washington Bridge.

Fisher instructed him to be at a Providence drugstore at nine o'clock the morning of the hold-up, and to have Fisher's car ready. "If anything goes sour at the stick-up," he explained, "I'll phone you at the drugstore and you high-tail out and pick me up."

That night at Warwick Neck a final conference was held. Rettich still did not know that his inflexible rule had been at last broken; that two of his henchmen had taken into his plans for another perfect crime a callow and shifty-eyed outsider. "It's sure-fire," he boasted. He turned to Harrigan. "Charley, you superintend the job as usual. Merola will drive the hide-out truck to the side road near Somerset. The rest of you boys will ride in the sedan, block the mail truck, transfer the driver to the sedan.

"Fisher, you and Dugan will drive the mail truck ahead of the sedan. Sonny and Handy Gun will follow in the sedan, covering you and taking the driver along. When you get to the side road where Merola's waiting with the truck, make a quick switch, leave the sedan with the mail-truck driver in it, and shoot straight back here.

"Let Merola drive the truck alone. The rest of you stay out of sight in the compartment with the mailbags. That all clear? Good. I expect to drive over myself, to see the fun. You all know my cars. So don't get excited if I come down the road. Now get your machine guns, upstairs, and take 'em out to the truck."

After that, Carl Rettich had an announcement. He was giving the boys a little party, a sort of wish-you-well. He took them to the popular Hills Grove Country Club, started them off with cocktails, finished them off with champagne. He let them drink their fill; held himself to his customary three drinks. He left a ten-dollar tip at his table, filled the fists of the pretty hat-check girl and the doorman with silver.

From the crime castle at Warwick Neck, Andy Merola drove the truck supplied by Rettich to Fall River early the morning of Wednesday, January 23. Gloomy Joe, Harrigan, Sonny, and Dugan dutifully rode in the truck's secret compartment behind the driver's seat.

It was still early when they reached the garage. Merola drove the truck on to the Somerset side road. The other four changed into clothes they had ready in the garage.

Harrigan looked at his watch. "Eight o'clock. Let's get going." They piled into the waiting Plymouth sedan with the Dubois license plates. As they pulled out of the garage, Harrigan looked at the swirling, blinding snow with grim satisfaction.

"It'll thin out traffic," he prophesied.

QUIET Herbert Reid had been in the government postal service for twenty years. On this morning one of those believe-it-or-not things happened. He was busily tugging mail sacks assigned to the B. M. C. Durfee Trust Company from the Boston-Fall River train into his mail truck, when the train postal clerk said to him:

"Some day somebody's going to hold you up while you're carrying this mail."

Herbert Reid said it hadn't happened in twenty years and he didn't see why it should now. He locked up his truck and drove away through the deep-drifting snow. He drove up North Main Street and turned into Odd Street, a narrow side street on a hill.

Out of nowhere a small sedan suddenly wheeled in front of his truck, blocking him. Startled, he applied his brakes, brought his truck to a stop. By that time there was a man on each side of him.

One of them—a thin-faced man—said quietly:

"Don't move and don't yell. This is a stick-up."

Reid looked helplessly at the machine gun pointed at his stomach. The other bandit, a blue-eyed, younger man, shoved his feet off clutch and brake pedals.

"One yap out of you and I'll riddle you. Get out of here and step fast. Get in that sedan and lie down."

Two more men now raced from the sedan and started the mail truck. The sedan then tailed the truck.

Handy Gun Harrigan, driving the sedan, fumed: "Why don't they go faster?"

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Sonny McGlone, looking around, said: "There's a car behind us."

"The Boss's?"

"No. One man driving."

"If he comes too close, let him have it."

Sonny's blue eyes had murder in them.

"I ought to shoot the —— for luck."

Herbert Reid, lying on the sedan floor, stole a glance up at Sonny, who caught it and jerked down the muzzle of his machine gun. "Look at me once more," he snarled, "and it'll be your last look."

The car behind turned off into a side street, and shortly they were on the outskirts of Fall River. They turned down the lonely country road where Merola was waiting. Harrigan got out and climbed up on top of the Rettich truck. From that vantage point he watched the roads.

Dugan and Fisher transferred the mail sacks. Sonny McGlone ordered Herbert Reid:

"Get off your face and climb out."

Reid was not quick enough to suit Sonny. His finger curved, slowly, around the trigger.

"For God's sake!" pleaded Reid. "I've got a wife. I've got eight children."

"And a house and lot and some chickens," snapped Sonny. "O. K. Shut up." He turned. "One of you give me a lift."

Fisher, who had just removed the Dubois license plates from the sedan, helped him tape Reid's eyes and mouth and hands, then toss him back on to the sedan's floor.

A moment later Reid heard their truck drive away. Sick at heart, he tugged at the tape that bound his wrists.

IN the secret compartment of Rettich's truck, Harrigan, Dugan, McGlone, and Fisher huddled together for warmth and looked down at the mailbags beneath their feet. The truck rumbled on and on over a thick carpet of snow. After an interminable while they heard their driver, Merola, rap on the partition.

"We're home," said Harrigan cheerfully.

Merola piloted the canvas-covered truck to a stop in the driveway beside the crime castle. As he leaped out, a big limousine pulled up directly behind the truck. His hand dived for a gun. Then he grinned. It was the Boss.

"I was at Fall River," Rettich said, frowning. "I missed you. Anything wrong?"

Handy Gun Harrigan popped out of the compartment.

"When you plan a job and we pull it," he crowed, "nothing ever goes wrong. It was candy from a baby."

Into the secret subcellar went the mailbags. "Rip 'em open," said Rettich. "Let's see what we've got."

Greenbacks by the thousand dropped out. Most of them were in packets. Rettich piled them up neatly.

"Not the haul we expected, but not bad for a morning's work. I make it a little more than one hundred and twenty-nine grand. What's in that bag?"

It proved to be filled with nickels. He passed it around. "Souvenirs?"

Laughingly each man pocketed a handful.

"There's about sixty to eighty thousand dollars in new money here. I'll need time to unload that. I can do it, of course. I've got the connections. But a couple of you are going to have to wait for your shares."

Gloomy Joe Fisher and Andy Merola finally were the ones to agree to wait.

Rettich brought out a bottle of old and very good whisky. "To our crimes!" he toasted. "May they always be perfect. Now tell me about this morning."

"There's not a thing to tell, Carl." Harrigan snapped his fingers three times, fast. "It went off just like that. Without a hitch."

"Without a hitch, eh?" beamed Carl Rettich.

Miles away there was a hitch. A hitch that Rettich could not conceivably know anything about.

A hitch named Herbert Hyman Hornstein.

How did Hornstein turn out to be the fatal flaw in an all-but-perfect crime? Well, not even a Carl Rettich gets away with murder indefinitely, and no man's "crime castle" stands above the law!—as Marshal Murphy will show you in this inside story's grand climax next week.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

WITH all our outlandish hats and picture-puzzle coat trimmings, we really are rather insipid dressers. You would have thought so, too, if you had been with me the other day as I walked down a fashionable New York avenue beside two Japanese ladies in native costume. Although very quietly garbed according to the standards of their own country, they knocked our most daredevil color schemes for a row of burlap bags—pardon the slang. Not a soul on the street had an eye for *my* cute get-up!

The picturesque pair were Mme. Monica Ito, leading Catholic lady of Japan, and her seventeen-year-old daughter. Together they have been visiting religious and educational institutions throughout America. Back home in Nippon, Mme. Ito is the founder of girls' schools, women's aviation clubs, and other progressive feminist organizations.

"What we need now," she told me, "is more labor-saving in our kitchens—more automatic refrigerators, washing machines, and the rest of your modern household equipment. We still waste too much time doing housework the old-fashioned way. Japanese women need more leisure for self-development and study."

"What would happen," I inquired, "if a Japanese husband came home and found his supper wasn't ready, while his wife was still out somewhere developing herself?"

"Impossible," replied Mme. Ito. "In Japan the husband's supper is always ready on time." Smiling in a rueful way we all know, she added this remark: . . . "But the husband isn't *always* there on time to eat it."

Asked her how Japanese women regard Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, world-renowned wife of China's national commander. . . . "I must admit," said Mme. Ito, "that we admire the vigor of her propaganda. Of course we deplore the cause and character of her activities." . . . Between the lines I gathered an impression that smart Japanese women think Mme. Chiang Kai-shek performs a pretty slick job, and that they wouldn't mind doing the same kind of work themselves if they could get it.

☆ Once more I emphasize the importance of *buttons.* Your autumn suit, of English tweed, will look a hundred per cent smarter if you button it with buttons of genuine horn or of real bone.

Few of our tailors supply them. Probably you will get them only if you go out and shop them for yourself. In the end you will not regret the time and trouble entailed.

On a tailored suit no touch is more authentic than that provided by real horn buttons.

They may cost an extra dollar, but they're certainly worth it.

☆ Now that football games and their attendant evening parties are in full swing, it strikes me a good many college readers may be glad to know this recipe for *Princeton Punch.* I learned it recently from Temple Fielding, the leader of the Princeton band.

For 30 people, slice 4 lemons wafer-thin in large punch bowl with 2 cocktail glasses granulated sugar and 1 bottle Riesling wine. Cover bowl and let stand 2 hours. Now put in a big block of ice. Add 2 more bottles of the same Riesling, 2 bottles (fifths) of domestic champagne, and 1 quart bottle sparkling water. Allow half an hour before serving. Scoop 1 slice lemon into each glass—*and go easy!*

Like the college it comes from, this punch is not for weaklings.

☆ I know a man who says he hates women. He says he hates us because of the way we neglect to take our pocketbooks with us when we get up to go home. "A woman," he says, "who can't attract attention in any other way will raise a rumpus every time by claiming she left her pocketbook behind and maybe somebody stole it.

"She doesn't accuse any one. She merely suggests that her pocketbook may have contained something worth looting.

"In a roundabout way she connects the suggestion with herself."

☆ Enjoyed reading The Romance of Candy, Alma H. Austin's entertaining history of the American candy business. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

☆ A clever hostess submits the idea of showering your guests with travel booklets. You can get them, free of charge, from any tourist agency.

Make them give you some colorful posters, issued by European railroad companies, to decorate your walls.

Ask for some maps as well. You and your friends may not be going anywhere, but you can have a lot of fun figuring out a trip. . . . And you might even do it . . . who knows?

REGO DAIRY
BUTTER MILK EGGS
IRV BREGER

"No, no, Mr. Jacobs! I just need ONE can!"

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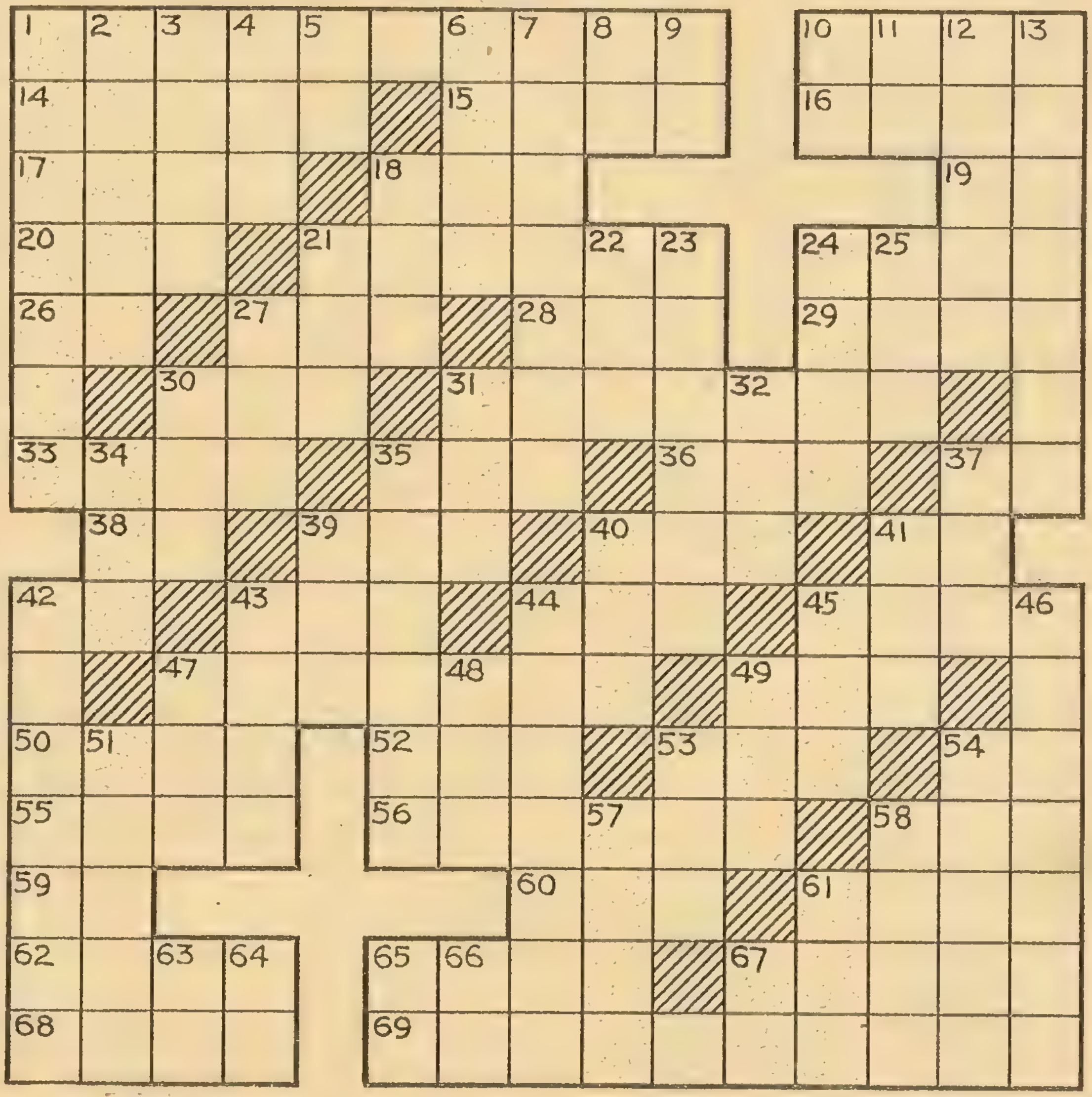
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 It spouts a dictator's law (two words)
10 Feminine hangover
14 Ticket to dreamland
15 Fuddy-duddy fuzz
16 The denser the object the thinner the this
17 Swain fruit
18 Yarn, highly colored
19 A word of opposition (abbr.)
20 Before
21 European storm center
24 Teeny hunk
26 Alley's father (abbr.)
27 The big time
28 High-hat anger
29 Dumb belle
30 What women never do after twenty-eight
31 How dictators deliver speeches
33 Fellow who takes things at the point of a gun
35 The rise of Belchium
36 Made for Adam's Express Company
37 "I agree with you entirely and urge you proceed!"
38 What drivers do on the green
39 Kind of wood found in racing boats
40 Kind of window popular at the Stuffed-Shirt Club
41 After a couple of slugs the printer got this-eyed
42 There're two in every tomato
43 Dictator's favorite game
44 A spring opening
45 Windbag
47 Air-raid living rooms
49 They change it in Europe almost every day
50 Eating tube
52 March time (sing.)
53 Kind of face seen on drinkers
54 Lipstick Rasslers (abbr.)
55 Newts to you
56 Europe's forgotten men
58 Jaw wag
59 "Wot's yer 'urry, 'ere's yer ——!"
60 Englishmen say it's a beastly place
61 What tenors and sopranos toss around
62 Circus house
65 Salad plot
67 Get things in the straight and narrow
68 He wants to get up in the world in order to look down on things
69 Italian brake on a reckless German driver (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Something you can't accuse a dictator of
2 To get a peace you've got to tear things this way
3 Quote
4 Member of the colored group
5 Irritated Minorities (abbr.)
6 Give out
7 Pink-elephant jockeys
8 It's undictated and not red (abbr.)
9 This is the end of puns
10 Cut-up sect (prefix)
11 Plug on the radio
12 When will America go Fascist?
13 All the best people in London have been wearing one (two words)
18 The end of all good mermaids
21 What farmers do to the corn
22 Unit of work, very low in the WPA
23 Mop up the print for the second time
24 Class relief workers belong to
25 What dad snatched from Johnny
27 What no bricklayer can lay
30 Gone by
31 A Swiss swim
32 A regular climber
34 Cause of I-strain
35 The breath of Old Italy
37 Gain in Brooklyn
39 Your pal's swipable
40 Road hog
41 Future grist for the sausage mill
42 Dictated "requests"
43 The bottle babies of prohibition days
44 What rents let into the landlord's pants (pl.)
45 To dump a humpty
46 Berlin's full of them
47 By adding a ton to this you lighten it considerably
48 Old block chipper
49 Ball-and-chain (fem.)
51 When we all need money
53 You'll find this at the end of Who's Who
54 In good Aryan Italian this means Louey
57 They often go around with pros
58 Flash in the pan
61 The man who gets a lift from a camel
63 A hard word to say
64 Consumption (abbr.)
65 M
66 This'll help get you in Dutch
67 This Smith, a mighty man was he!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

S	L	A	W		C	L	O	U	D		S	O	L	D
N	O	R	A		H	O	U	R	I		E	R	I	E
A	R	I	L		A	G	R	E	E		C	L	A	N
P	E	A	L	E	R	■	■	■	T	H	E	O	R	Y
			O	N	■	C	H	A	S	E	D			
S	H	A	W	■	F	O	U	L	■	M	E	S	S	Y
L	A	G	■	P	O	R	E	■	F	A	■	T	I	E
A	G	A	■	A	U	K	■	P	I	T	■	E	L	A
T	A	P	■	S	R	■	P	O	L	O	■	L	A	R
E	R	E	C	T	■	N	E	L	L	■	N	E	S	S
			H	O	M	I	N	Y	■	H	A			
N	O	T	A	R	Y	■	■	■	N	E	S	T	L	E
O	D	I	N		O	U	T	R	E		A	R	E	A
M	O	A	T		P	L	A	Y	A		L	I	A	R
E	R	O	S		E	M	B	E	R		S	O	N	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

THE THIRD WITNESS

Liberty's Short Short

BY ROY HILLIGOSS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ABOUT eleven o'clock the office boy came in and said, "Your wife's outside, Mr. Blake."

Nice Monday-morning surprise. I said, "Sneak her in, Jimmy."

In she breezed, in the last little outfit we'd argued over. At least she'd left the kids at home.

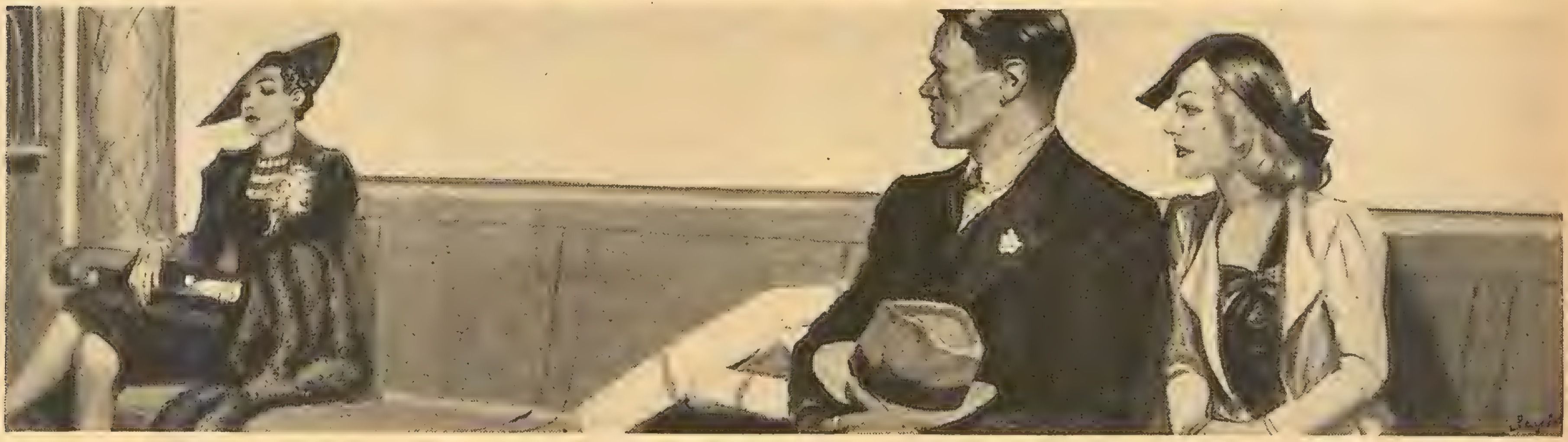
I said, "Why the masquerade, sugar? You're decked out in regular June-bride style."

"We're going to a wedding. City Hall, twelve o'clock, luncheon afterward, rice pudding. . . . Fun?"

"Nuts!" I grumbled. "I hate weddings. They're only a shade less final than funerals."

She hefted a paperweight. "What was that, *dear*est?"

"Darling! You're hearing things." I soft-soaped the weapon away from her, then I said: "All right; whose funer . . . wedding is it?"



"Hal Jordon's, of course."

"Well, why in thunder didn't you say so!" I shouted. Good old Hal—pal, classmate, left tackle to my right, the guy whose "Mary, meet Ed Blake" turned out to be the start of our marital handicap match. . . .

"Hal called me this morning," Mary said. "He knew you changed jobs last spring, but he didn't know where you'd changed to. He only had a minute, but he said she's the sweetest, loveliest little girl that ever opened his eyes . . ."

"To the need for the feminine touch in his life." It was my turn to finish, and I knew the line by heart. Hal got it from me, back when I started figuring Mary's silk stockings into my budget.

"He and his girl are meeting us in the City Hall at noon," Mary said. "That leaves us exactly fifty minutes to shop for a present."

"Sure," I said, all enthusiastic now. "The sky's the limit this time!"

That, you can guess, wasn't a very brilliant remark. Mary, as wives will, took me literally.

We got to the Hall and went up to the third floor where all the little fish come to stick their trusting necks into the net. It was a few minutes before noon, and Hal wasn't there. So we dumped our present on the floor and collapsed on a bench.

And there across the room was Ethel Smythe, the gal who'd chased Hal for three years till he'd finally got up enough nerve to insult her at a house party and was thrown out by her two brothers and a cousin. He told me later he'd never enjoyed a beating so much in his life.

"D'you suppose she's still after Hal?" Mary asked.

"Probably. I'll bet she heard about the wedding and came here to mess it up. Look at that frown."

Ethel's an eyeful, I'll admit—dark and vivacious, with a figure that'd make a blind man's tin cup rattle. But what a scowl on that pretty pan now! I could see a nice little scene on its way for Mr. Jordon and his unsuspecting bride.

I stalked determinedly over to Ethel Smythe.

"Lady," I said, "Hal Jordon's coming here to get married. You know *that*, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Listen, Ethel. You and Hal broke up once, and now he's found a sweet kid who can really give him some happiness. Why not leave him alone?"

"Still awfully unfunny, aren't you, Ed?" Her eyes were like steel icicles. We'd never liked each other, anyway.

"Frankly," I said, "I think you're a fool to go to all this trouble over Hal. With your beauty, lady, and your personality . . ." I looked at the clock. "Ethel," I said desperately, "he'll be here any minute . . ."

"I hope so!"

"Ethel. You've got to leave before he gets here. If this girl finds out about you, she'll never marry him. She'll . . ."

But she'd turned on her high heel and walked away from me. I slouched back to Mary.

She got up and went over to the door. "I'm going to do a little powdering, Ed," she called back before disappearing.

After a few moments I heard a phone ring. A second later the clerk stuck his head through his grilled window. "Any one here named Ed Blake?"

"That's me," I said.

"Message for you from Mr. Jordon. He won't be here. He and his girl eloped at ten o'clock this morning."

Ethel's back stiffened and she whirled about. "Eloped? You said he eloped?"

The clerk nodded, and for a moment I thought Ethel was going to spring at me. But she turned and sped out of the door as fast as her pretty legs could take her.

I stood in the center of the room, slowly going nuts. But before I went all the way Mary was back.

"Did it work?" she asked, winking.

"So you're the message sender? Sugar, I've certainly got to hand it to you! That was the neatest bit of . . ."

"Hello, people!" And there was Hal, grinning broadly.

"One minute sooner," I said, wringing his hand, "and you'd have been sunk. We just got rid of Ethel Smythe by making her think you eloped this morning."

"You . . . Ethel . . ." Hal leaned weakly against the door. "It takes me three years to wake up and find I'm in love, five hundred dollars' worth of flowers and candy to get back in her good graces, forty-eight hours to talk her into letting you two be witnesses—and you do this!"

"Do what?" I stammered.

"Oh, nothing at all!" he groaned. "Ethel just happens to be the girl I came here to marry."

THE END

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

LOSE THE WOMAN!

Pungent, colorful, daring . . . A novel of tangled lives and heedless hearts caught in a tightening web of terror

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN Chacahua, a desolate part of Mexico, where Ben Bechtel and his hunting party are camping, there is murder in the air. In the group, besides Bechtel and his wife, Trudie, are Larry March, a young writer who is in love with Trudie; Curtis Frazier, a hard-eyed adventurer; Durham Phillipson, an English photographer; Maida del Roche, an ex-movie star; Glenda Neil, a young poet who loves March; and Glenda's prim and domineering friend, Norma Considine. Noel Hawkins, a part-Negro, part-Mexican guide, who is devoted to March, is the cook. All except Frazier came down by freighter. Frazier used his plane, and the plan is for him to fly the party back to the town of Acapulco in small groups after the hunting.

But March is certain that at least two will not go back. He believes that Bechtel has discovered his and Trudie's affair and is plotting, with Frazier's help, to kill them. He knows that Trudie and he cannot defend themselves because Bechtel keeps the guns locked up; and he notices, with grim foreboding, that Frazier carries a rifle with a silencer on it!

To complicate matters still more, Trudie plainly shows her jealousy of Glenda and reproaches March for neglecting her. One night she asks him to meet her on the beach when the rest are asleep. He refuses in order to avoid the possibility of provoking Bechtel to strike. Later he wakes and sees Trudie and Frazier stealing toward the dunes. He follows and finds them in each other's arms. Is Trudie in love with Frazier? Or is this the price of her own and March's safety?

As March watches, hidden in the bushes, he sees Bechtel, a few paces away. Bechtel's eyes are fixed on the pair on the beach and he is trembling like a man with ague.

PART EIGHT—A TRAP IS SPRUNG

IT dawned on me instantly that Bechtel did not know the score. He had just arrived on the scene, and at least fifteen minutes or more had elapsed since Trudie and Frazier left the camp. Bechtel had not followed them. He had awakened and found Trudie's hammock empty. He had peered around for another empty hammock, and at whose had he looked first? At mine, of course.

I glanced down the beach again. Trudie and Frazier were partially hidden by the small dune. No one, certainly not a man whose eyes were blinded by hatred and jealousy, could distinguish features at that distance. Bechtel, naturally, thought that I was with Trudie.

All at once I was on my toes, for the situation had every element of tragedy. When Bechtel turned and started back toward the camp, I turned too. I didn't follow him; I paralleled him, crouching low, running in the clear spots, keeping a cover of bushes between us. The wind, still rising, was driving noisily through the coco palms; I knew he'd never hear me.

I expected him to go straight to Frazier's hammock, which was on the far end of the semicircle, next to mine. Instead, he started at the other end, passed his own and Trudie's, Norma's and Maida's and Glenda's, and paused beside Phillipson.

Still bent double, I crept up on the opposite side of the row until I was so close I could have reached out and

touched the Englishman's hammock. I saw Bechtel bend over him, shake him by the shoulder.

Phillipson straightened up like a man startled out of a sound sleep.

"Steady!" Bechtel whispered hoarsely.

"What's the matter?" the Englishman muttered.

"Quiet, man! You got the camera and the flares?"

"They're in the bag right at my feet."

"Good. Pick 'em up and follow me."

The Englishman swung his feet to the ground and stood up, stretching. "It's a fine time, old man, to be—"

"Shut up, I tell you!" Bechtel hissed. "Get that camera and follow me."

I lit out through the trees. Knowing exactly where Bechtel was going, I was able to circle around, running most of the way, get there half a minute ahead of him, and dive into the deep shadow of an overhanging bush.

I didn't hear a sound, until all at once I made out two pairs of legs standing a few paces from my hiding place and heard Bechtel's excited husky whisper.

"Telephoto on?"

"Yes," Phillipson said.

"Set it at a hundred feet. You won't be far off."

"Where are they?"

"Right on the other side of this dune. Straight toward the water. No need of looking till we're ready. Gimme one of those flares."

Dropping my head almost on to the sand, I was able to see Bechtel creep up to the brow of the dune, peer over, and then place an unlighted flare in front of him. He slid back, got to his feet.

"Are they still there, old fellow?" From the jocular note in Phillipson's voice I knew he was laughing up his sleeve at all this seemingly silly procedure.

"Yes."

"Then suppose we start shooting, what? Light your flare and I'll run over the dune and press the button. I'm not sure there'll be enough light to get them, but I'll do my best. Most anything will pass, I fancy, in an American divorce court."

Divorce court my eye! There was more to this than Phillipson ever dreamed. I slid from under the bush on the side away from the two men, got to my knees and waited. I knew almost exactly what Bechtel would say next. I could see his whole plan evolving.

"You got a match, Phil?"

Phillipson, not being a smoker, hadn't.

"I haven't got one either. Look. You stay right here. I'll have to run back to camp."

I was on my way before he'd finished speaking. By the time Bechtel groped his cautious way to Frazier's hammock, I was in it, under Frazier's mosquito net, snoring softly.

Bechtel tugged at my arm with a trembling hand.

"Curt! Wake up!" he whispered.

I stirred, muttered: "What do you want, Ben?"

"Get into your shoes. I'll be back. Don't waste any time."

"Oke," I said, lazily swinging my feet over the side of the hammock and starting to claw at the net.

Bechtel disappeared in the direction of the tent. By the time he came back I had found Frazier's wide-brimmed Stetson and jammed it low over my eyes. When Bechtel's hand dropped on my shoulder I was bending over, pretending to lace my shoes.

"Here," he said, and thrust a rifle at me. I knew by the feel of the gun that it was Frazier's.

"Follow me and don't make any noise."

I trailed along behind him. At the edge of the coco grove Bechtel paused. As he turned toward me, I dropped to one knee and started to fumble again with my shoelaces. I knew he'd never recognize me under Frazier's hat.

"I have Phillipson all set, so don't make any cracks, and keep that gun out of sight behind you."

He was breathing very deep and fast, like a miler at the end of a race. As he talked on in a breathless monotone, I knew beyond all doubt that the man was definitely insane.

"Phillipson thinks I'm getting these pictures for a divorce. Ha-ha! Now look, Curt. Soon as I light the flare and Phillipson runs over the dunes and starts grinding, you follow him. When those two raise up, you let 'em have it. Phillipson won't hear the pop of the silencer on account of the surf. He won't tumble to what's gone on till he has the whole picture. Then we won't care. We'll settle his hash proper. Got it now?"

"I got it," I muttered, still bending over my shoe.

"Then get those laces tied and come on."

He moved off so fast I had to break into a dogtrot to catch up. When he fell back into a walk and I could make out Phillipson sitting with his back against the dune, I raised the gun and let Bechtel have the butt flush on the top of his bare head.

His legs crumpled and he sat down hard on his heels, rolled over on his right side and finally on to his back. I knew it would be a long time before he moved again.

Phillipson was on his feet. "Say, Larry! I thought you were out there with the lady — or maybe she isn't a lady. Joke. Excuse it, please. What goes on, old chap?"

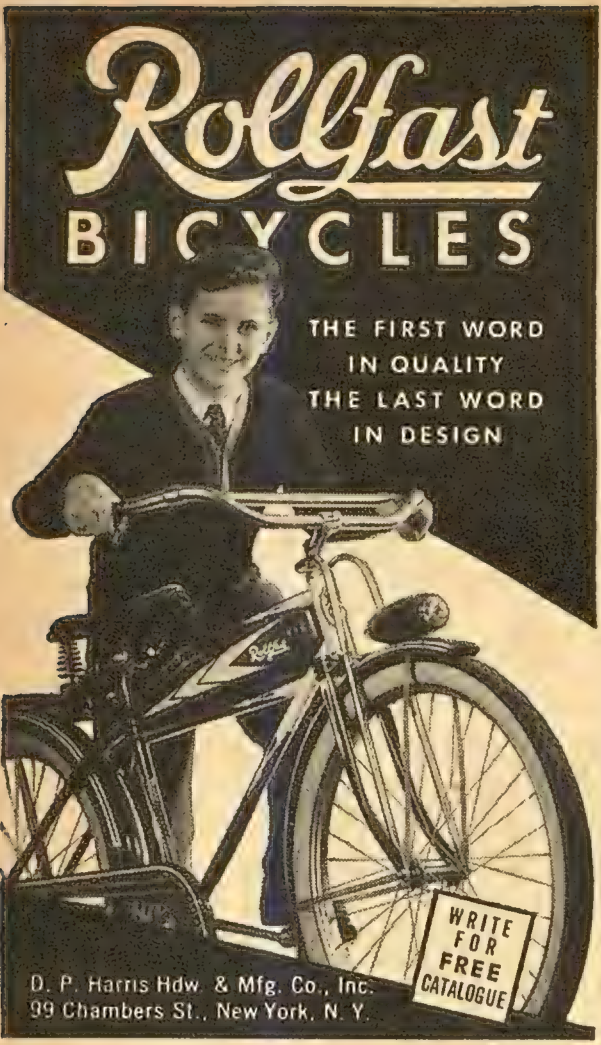
I got out a cigarette, lit it, and took a deep drag.

"Frazier's with the lady. And what are *you* doing here, Phil?"

"Me? Why, Bechtel offered me a hundred dollars if I'd get him a picture of you and his wife in a compromising situation."

He was too groggy to knock me out. I waited, dragging in deep breaths, until he stood on his feet, erect.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



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"And you fell for that gag, did you? I suppose even now it hasn't dawned on you that you were brought to Chacahua to photograph a murder."

"Now, old chap. Take it easy. A murder, you say?"

"That's what I say. A double murder. You see, Mrs. Bechtel and I were friends in California. Her husband found out about it and hired this professional killer, Frazier, to rub us out. But killing us wasn't enough to satisfy his ego. He wanted a picture of us. A picture of us dying. The man's brain, you see, is pickled in alcohol. He's nuts."

Phillipson whistled softly.

"And, brother, if you'd got that picture," I went on, "you'd never have left Chacahua alive. You'd have been knocked off and fed to the vultures."

"And with that squint-eye Bechtel taking pictures of the feast, I suppose."

I didn't know whether he was just trying to be funny, as usual, or whether he was ribbing me for feeding him such an incredibly tall tale. Nor did I care particularly. I had other things on my mind.

"As I get it, old man," Phillipson rambled on, "Mrs. Bechtel has mistaken Frazier for you, and Mr. Bechtel has mistaken you for Frazier. Right? And but for those two slight errors in identification—"

"Pass it, Phil. I'm going down on the beach now. If Bechtel comes to before I get back, be a nice guy and keep your eye on him. I'm going to cache this gun in the brush, but he has several others. If he goes for one of them and you can't handle him, call on Noel."

"Cheerio, Larry. You can count on me."

And I, foolishly, thought I could!

WHEN I got over the dunes, Trudie and Frazier were still sitting with their backs against the log. He was holding a match, lighting her cigarette. They didn't hear me coming, didn't see me until I was standing right in front of them. And then, not until their heads jerked up and they sat staring at me in amazement did I realize how completely I was acting the fool.

But now it was too late. I was there, and somebody had to start talking, and I blurted: "Well, my lovely little tramp, what have you got to say for yourself?"

She caught Frazier's arm, actually shrank against him. Seeing her drawing away from me, I couldn't tell whether she was afraid of me or whether she was through with me. Either way, her action threw me into such a violent temper that if I had killed them where they sat, and been called upon to make a plea in court, I could only have said that something snapped in my brain. A foolish catch phrase? Maybe so. How else account for the fact that for a long time afterward I was in such a red rage that nothing was beyond me? Nothing. Toward Trudie, no indignity was too low. Toward Frazier, no punishment was too severe.

As the pilot pulled his legs under him and started to rise, I kicked him as hard as I could. I aimed for his face—I admit it—but I caught him on the left shoulder instead and knocked him on to his back. As I leaped to fling myself on him, his legs came up, his feet shot out. They got me in the floating ribs and they felt like the kick of an ox. They knocked me a good ten feet, and I found myself rolling over and over on the sand.

I was up on my knees when he came at me in six-foot strides, swinging a right that would have taken my head off if it had connected. I ducked, tackled him around the ankles, brought him down so hard that his own momentum wrenched a gasping cry from his lips.

I WAS on him like a madman. My first blow was lucky. If I'd been sane it would have been my last, because I felt my fist strike jawbone and I saw his head snap clear over on to his shoulder. But Frazier, like a fool, rolled over and groggily stumbled to his feet. And I, like a fool, hit him again.

"Larry! Please, *please* stop!" Trudie cried.

I hit him with a left and a right. He staggered but he didn't fall. He kept his legs far apart and we stood there and slugged it out.

His blows had nothing behind them. They were like a baby's, and while he must have hit me twenty times in the face and stomach, I hardly felt a blow.

I gave him all I had. I wore myself out on him and I hammered my knuckles raw on his jaw and teeth. But he wouldn't drop.

Trudie was screaming at me now, pleading with me to stop before I killed him. She caught my elbow. "Stop it, Larry!" she cried hysterically. "You're cutting his face to ribbons! You're killing him!"

I whirled on her, yelled: "Shut up, you lousy little tramp!" I shoved her away, and shoved too hard and knocked her flat on the sand.

When I swung back on Frazier I was just in time to catch a singing right flush on the button. My head seemed to burst into a ball of fire and I felt my legs letting go. I was down, on my knees first, then on my face.

I felt, only vaguely, Frazier's boot glance off my shoulder. I heard him curse as he fell on me, and my head cleared with the agony of his knee twisting in the small of my back. He was too groggy to knock me out, too groggy even to hold me down. I rolled from under his knee and found my feet.

I waited, dragging in deep breaths, until he stood on his feet, erect. I waited until he took one last wild swing at me. Then I stepped inside it and let him have a right uppercut that came from around my ankles.

He went down on his face and stayed down. He wasn't out cold, but

I felt sure it would be quite a while before he'd be walking around with a clear head.

I pulled myself together and looked around for Trudie. All the last action had happened so fast that she was only now getting to her feet.

"You're a beast, Larry March! You're an inhuman beast!"

"You don't know the half of it." I caught hold of her hand. "Come on."

"Where?"

"Down the beach."

"I won't leave Curtis."

"Like hell you won't leave Curtis. Come on!"

I gave her arm a yank and we started down the beach. I walked so fast she had to run most of the time to keep up with me. I kept her going, dragging her when she fell back into a walk, until she was gasping for breath and my own wind was so far gone I couldn't speak. Finally I slowed down, looked back. We had covered a good half mile. I could see nothing of Frazier. We had the whole long white beach to ourselves.

"What are you going to do with me, Larry?"

Too winded to answer her, I put my arm around her waist, and it wasn't any gesture of affection. I turned from the hard-packed sand and walked her up to where the sand was dry and ankle-deep and soft.

Then I drew her in front of me and put both arms around her and held her so tightly I could almost hear her ribs crack.

"Larry!" she gasped hoarsely. "What—are you going—to do with me?"

"What do *you* think?"

HER only answer was to stiffen her body and try vainly to back away from me.

I released her and sat down, and pulled her down beside me.

"Cigarette?" I asked, dragging out a pack.

There was lots of time—a whole night.

"No, thanks," she said heavily.

"You'd better. I spoiled your last one."

"All right."

I held a match and we lit our cigarettes. I leaned back on one elbow, kept my other arm across her lap. I could feel the rage, the high anger, the bitter resentment seeping out of every pore of my body.

By the time my cigarette was half gone I was sick with shame. During the white heat of my wrath I had completely forgotten why Trudie had gone out with Frazier. And now, remembering, I felt like a dog.

Trudie must have realized, in a measure, the change that had come over me. I could feel her relax a little. Her breathing became more even.

I said unhappily: "I guess you know why I dragged you down here. Well—"

But Trudie wasn't thinking of that. "Why did you have to hurt him so cruelly, Larry?"

"He hurt me, didn't he?"

"Not the way you hurt him. His face, even in the moonlight—"

"I wasn't thinking of that, Trudie. I was thinking how I felt when I saw you walking down the beach with him. That's the kind of hurt I meant."

"Then *he* didn't hurt you, Larry. *I* hurt you. Because I asked him—when we were walking back from the river, after the alligator hunt. I asked him—to go out on the beach with me."

"Why?"

"Don't you know?" she asked, with a catch in her voice.

"I think I do, Trudie. You— But look here!"

I told her what had happened during the time she and Frazier had been on the beach.

"So," Trudie said finally, "if you'd met me on the beach as I asked, we'd both have been dead now."

"Very likely. And our writhings would have been recorded for posterity on a strip of sixteen-millimeter film."

TRUDIE shuddered. "It's hard to believe, Larry. And yet I know Ben hasn't been right for a long time. And I know Curtis Frazier is a murderer by profession. I wonder how much Ben is paying him. I wonder what they would have done with our bodies, and Phillipson's, and how they would have explained it all."

"They wouldn't have tried. Plenty of Americans have disappeared on this coast and never been heard of again. We just disappeared, that's all. Vanished."

"But what would they have done—with our bodies?"

"The alligators, Trudie, would have taken care of that. Your husband had it all figured out. He was just waiting for a propitious time to put his plan into execution. And the opportunity—or so he thought—came sooner than he'd expected. When he woke up and found you gone tonight, he must have decided, in a jealous fury, to wait no longer. I guess we're lucky."

We watched three big combers crash thunderingly on the beach.

"Do you think you killed Ben?" Trudie asked at last.

"I doubt it. The top of a man's skull is pretty thick."

"Then where do we go from here?"

"Where do you want to go?"

She stiffened a little, said in a dead-level voice: "I want to go away with Curtis Frazier."

"You want—to go away—with Curtis Frazier! You mean—you're in love with the man?"

"I don't know," she replied huskily. "Probably not. Probably it's just a crazy infatuation. But the first time he looked at me I felt as though something turned over in my heart. And now, whenever I feel him looking at me, I go limp all over. And when he touches me—"

Her long sigh was half sob. I didn't know, I wasn't sure, but I prayed to God she was only telling me this to hide her true motives. When I didn't

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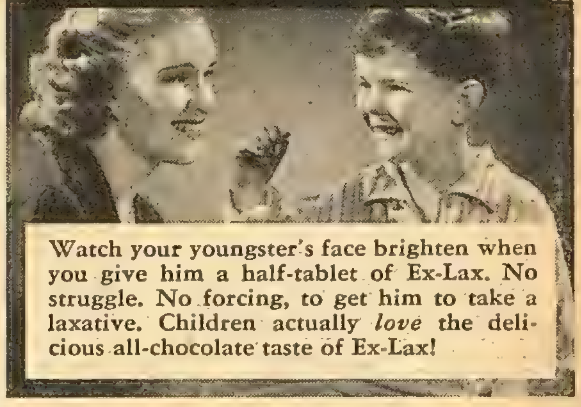

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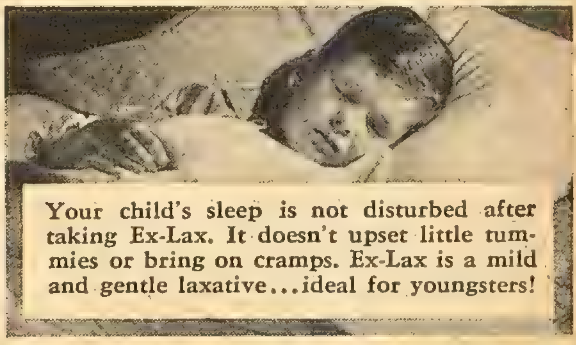

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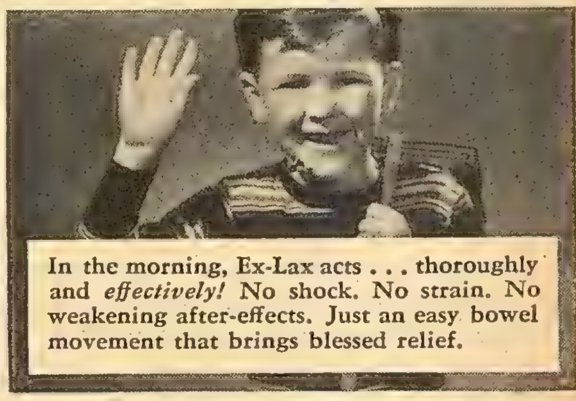

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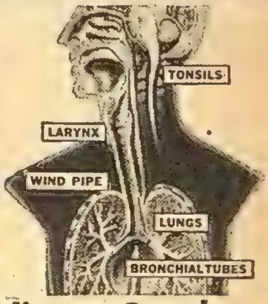

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say anything, she added, in that same level, emotionless voice: "I hope you'll understand, Larry. But I don't suppose you will. I don't understand myself, because nothing like this has ever happened to me before. Not even when I met you. Our love, or infatuation, or whatever you want to call it, didn't come all of a sudden. It grew slowly—those weeks when we were seeing each other every day. But this— Oh, Larry! It's so hard to explain."

Resentment, like a poison, was brewing in my blood. I felt it working through my body, numbing my nerves, my emotions. I said, fighting to keep my voice as level as hers: "You needn't try to explain, Trudie, because your whole explanation is just a lie. I know why you're playing up to Frazier. You're doing it to save us—you and me. You're trading for our lives."

"I wish"—the bitter words seemed to be wrenched from her heart—"I wish I were that noble."

"Oh, why lie about it?" How could a woman lie to a man too stubborn to believe her? "You know quite well why you're making up to that hired murderer. There's no love nor infatuation about it. You hope to buy him off and turn him against your husband and get us out of this mess. And you're telling me this wild tale of love at first sight because you think I'd be less hurt than if I knew you were peddling yourself in exchange for my lousy life.

"Well, it won't go. It's out. You started this thing. You got us into this jam. You let your husband drag you down here when you could have refused. You let him drag you down here and put you on the spot, knowing that I'd follow along and protect you. You knew all those things and yet you came. You did it your way, and look what's happened to us.

"We're stuck here, with no chance of getting away until Frazier is ready to take us. And he won't be ready until your husband gives the order. And by that time, unless we're lucky, we'll be alligator meat.

"O. K. So what? So from now on we're playing it my way. And the way I play it, no woman is buying my life. Now, have you got that straight? Or do you want to prate some more about going limp when he looks at you?"

"I'm sorry you think I was prating, Larry. Everything I've told you is the truth."

OKE. Insist on it if you want to, but don't be bothered too much if I don't believe you. Now we're going back to camp. And get this straight: If Ben is conscious and starts anything, I'm going to finish it. And if this alleged lady-killer who makes you go limp sticks his not-so-handsome mug between us, it'll mark the end of your beautiful friendship."

"Those are pretty big words, Larry—for a man who fights with his feet."

It was a nasty dig, but it slid off me like water. "Don't worry, baby. I've got a gun now. A very beautiful rifle with a Maxim silencer stuck on the end of it. And I'd say it would be pretty fitting if that hired killer happened to get bumped off with his own gun."

Well, they were big words, all right, just as Trudie said. Thinking about them as we walked along the beach, I wondered how far I'd have the nerve to go with Frazier and Bechtel. I wondered, if they really started anything, if I'd have the guts to finish them off.

But I wondered most of all about what Trudie had just told me. I had never taken much stock in the love-at-first-sight fairy story and it was incredible that a woman of Trudie's age and experience and common sense could be taken in by it.

On the other hand, she had never been a tramp. She had learned how to say no when she was still pretty young. If she had told me the truth, then her whole character had changed in a couple of days. Why had it changed?

What was there about Curtis Frazier that could possibly appeal to a warmhearted woman like Trudie? The man was dynamic; he had character, if you go for the cold-blooded type; he had a good physique and was reasonably handsome. But when you considered what he had been and why he was in Chacahua, when you considered the man's soul, or lack of it—well, I didn't get it.

If Trudie Bechtel had fallen for this man, then the whole world was cockeyed.

When we reached the vicinity of the camp I saw that Frazier was no longer on the beach. And, crossing the sand dunes, I found that both Phillipson and Bechtel had disappeared. I didn't think much about that, but when I failed to find the rifle where I had cached it, I thought plenty.

"Some one has been ahead of me," I told Trudie, who was waiting for me while I searched.

"Phillipson?"

"No one else knew where the gun was."

"How far do you trust that man?"

"Not very far."

"I wouldn't, Larry. He impressed me right at the beginning as being phony. There's a false ring to his accent and his mannerisms. He reminds me of a mediocre actor playing the part of an Englishman. And when you find an American masquerading in Mexico as an Englishman for no apparent reason, you've found a crook."

"Of course, there's the possibility that Ben came to while I was talking to Phil and saw where I put the gun."

"But if he has the rifle—" Trudie broke off and looked hastily behind her.

I felt the same way—as though crazy Ben Bechtel might be hiding in any one of a dozen bushes, knowing I'd come back for the gun. I grabbed Trudie's arm.

"Let's get out of here pronto," I said.

SHE didn't need urging. I broke into a run and she kept right at my heels. Not until we reached the palm grove did that prickling sensation stop running up and down my spine. I paused there in the edge of the trees and took Trudie's hand as she came up alongside me. I waited. I knew she had to speak.

"What are you going to do, Larry, about what I told you?" she asked unhappily.

I thought about her question for a moment. The half-mile walk against the wind had cleared my head and already I was feeling regret over the wild threats I had made. If she'd told me the truth, if she was really crazy about Frazier, I cared enough about her to let her play her own game.

"What do you want me to do, Trudie?"

"I want you to let Curtis take me out of this terrible jungle tomorrow morning." And when I didn't answer, she added breathlessly: "Will you, Larry?"

"What about the rest of us? The Merida, you know, isn't stopping here on her way back from Salina Cruz."

"But Curtis will come back for you."

"How do I know he will?"

"He wouldn't leave you stranded here."

"Of course not. He's too bighearted for that."

"Please don't be mean and sarcastic."

"Suppose I feel mean and sarcastic?"

"Won't you please let us go, Larry? I promise you I'll make him come back day after tomorrow."

"Look here, you little fool!" I snapped. "Don't you realize this bird has been promised plenty of dough to bump us off? Don't you know he's not going to run off with you and pass it up? That guy is out for the dough. A little passing dalliance—that's all right. But he won't leave here until he's earned his money."

"Larry, if you'll promise not to interfere, he'll leave here tomorrow morning. With me. The two of us alone."

So that was it. She was buying her way out and leaving me to hold the bag. Well, I'd asked for it.

"O. K., Trudie. I'll promise not to interfere if the two of you will get out tomorrow at daylight. But how about Ben?"

"Ben! Ben hasn't the courage to stop us."

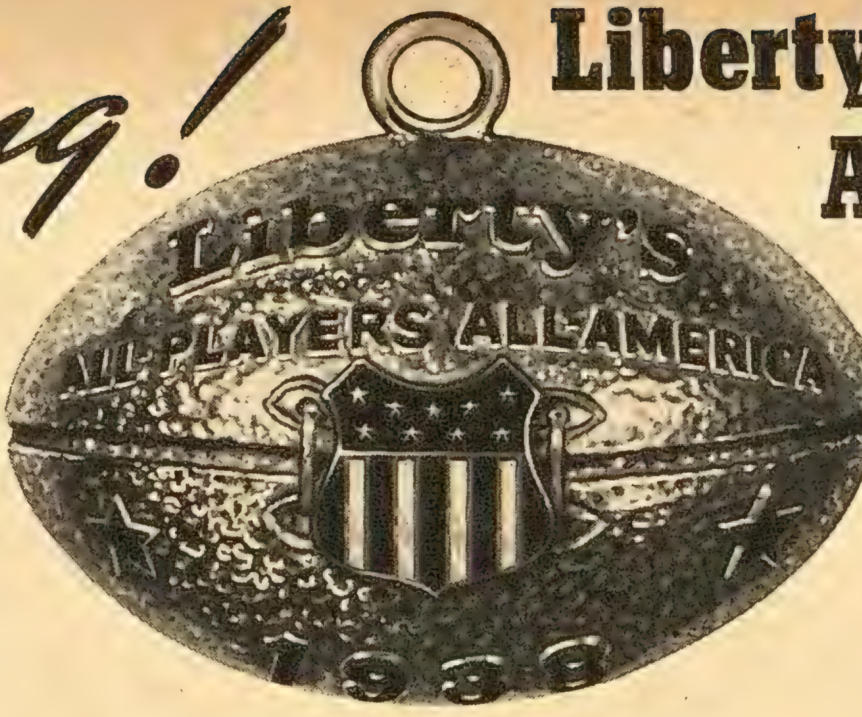
"All right, kid. It's oke by me."

But Trudie and Frazier didn't leave Chacahua at daylight. Ben stopped them, cold. Ben stopped them as effectually as though he handcuffed them to a palm and threw away the key.

How does Ben Bechtel stop Trudie and her new lover, Frazier, from leaving? Don't miss the surprising answer in next week's Liberty. New drama, new thrills sweep through the story as terror stalks in Chacahua!

Coming! Liberty's All-Star All-Players Football Team

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



Liberty's All-Players All-America Award.

BY NORMAN L. SPER

OVER luncheon tables in almost every eatery in the land, and over the slickly polished desks of bankers and even in the national capital, the vital and debatable question is not the New Deal or will the President seek a third term, but will this football player or that player make the All-America Football Team. The Sunday-morning quarterbacks, the side-line selectors, and the press-box pickers are all competing in this great annual American pastime . . . selecting the nation's outstanding eleven football players.

As in previous years, Liberty will again come forth this year with the only *real* All-America team worthy of the name—the All-Players All-America Football Team of 1938. As the name implies, Liberty's team will be selected exclusively by the players themselves. No one else. This writer will act in the capacity of clerk of the course, but in no way will he have a choice in voting or rating any of the players.

Twenty-two hundred and fifty players from some 110 major football schools who will have participated in about 1,000 football games will be Liberty's judges. These footballers will be judging only the players they will have played against during the season. They are restricted from rating members of their own teams.

Who other than the players themselves are better qualified to give Mr. Football Fan an absolutely unbiased, representative, and indisputable All-America team? It is these same players who learn by firsthand information the value of their opponents. They get their knowledge from actual bodily contact. Theirs is a more intimate and direct knowledge of the weakness and strength of the players they meet on the football field than any other individual's.

To illustrate the accuracy of the players' judgment of the men they meet in football combat on the gridiron: In the 1937 Liberty's All-Players All-America selection, Byron " Whizzer " White was rated as the greatest football player of the year. He was the unanimous choice of every player who opposed him. They valued him tops over every player they met, in almost every fundamental required, for the quarterback position. They gave him a composite rating of 97.22. Many experts disagreed. But figures don't lie, and here is the report from the American Football Statistical Bureau's 1937 summary. This summary is based only on the actual yardstick figures made by every major team and player in every one of the major games played during the season.

The University of Colorado's flash led every football player in the country in:

Total points scored: 122 points.

Most total yards, rushing and forward passing: 1,596 yards.

Highest average per game, rushing and forward passing: 200 yards.

Highest average gain per play, rushing and forward passing: 7.13 yards.

Most net yards gained by rushing: 1,121 yards.

Highest average net gain per game by rushing: 140 yards.

Greatest number of rushes: 181.

Highest number of rushes per game: 22.6.

In all other departments he rated:

Second highest per attempted forward passes: 11.5 yards.
(Woitkoski of Fordham led nation with 12.33 per play.)
Second in kicking: averaged per kick, 43.52 yards.
(Pingel, Michigan State, was first with 43.88 per kick.)
Ninth in forward passes: attempted, 43; completed, 21; –488 per cent.

These figures are proof of White's greatness. A fact that the players who played against him knew long before these statistical figures reached the public or were compiled.

Liberty's All-Players All-America method is not a voting contest but one that is based on the proficiency of a player in the many departments essential for that position.

This method has been carefully formulated to eliminate any possible haphazard judgment of players. Every player judges his opponent solely according to his mastery and execution of the respective fundamentals required for the position they play. Different fundamentals are essential for different positions. The quarterback is judged for his generalship, speed, running interference, blocking, ball carrying (plunging and dodging), receiving forward passes, forward passing, defense against forward passes and defense against running attack, diagnosing opponent's plays, aggressiveness, kicking (punting, place kicking, and drop kicking), and receiving punts.

Guards and tackles are rated for speed, charging, blocking, defensive ability, diagnosing opponents' play, aggressiveness, and running interference. Running interference for guards and tackles is rated only when their system of play requires that fundamental.

All the qualifications necessary for guards and tackles are required for the center position, with the exception of running interference; but in lieu of this is accuracy in snapping the ball.

Ends are chosen with the same fundamentals that decide the ability of guards and tackles, with the addition of receiving forward passes, defense against forward passes, defense against running attacks, and value covering points.

The fullback and the halfback are judged on speed, running interference, ball carrying (dodging and plunging), receiving forward passes, forward passing, defense against forward passes, defense against running attacks, diagnosing opponent's plays, aggressiveness, and the three branches of kicking: punting, place kicking, and drop kicking.

Readers can see from these classified qualifications that the players are judged not for any certain spectacular achievement but on their all-round ability.

The opportunity for snap judgment, partisanship, and sectional press-agentry is adequately guarded against, merit alone being the deciding factor.

In this plan of rating, if a player performs brilliantly one Saturday and poorly the next, he runs the inevitable risk of not being rated at all on the days that his playing ability is mediocre. Thus his total seasonal percentage takes a drop, and that takes him out of the outstanding players' class.

The necessity of playing consistently good football is shown by the fact that in the eight or so games (the average college schedule) every player participates in, he will be appraised by about 160 opponents during the season, inasmuch as twenty men on each opposing team are eligible to pass on the player's merits. Each major football squad receives twenty All-Players forms to fill out. The twenty lettermen fill out these forms after the last game is played.

Each judging player at the end of the season selects only eleven men, the foremost man for each position. He then proceeds to rate him according to the ability he has displayed in the various departments required for the position he is nominated for. That is why it is so essential for every player to be at his peak in all contests.

Intersectional games play a highly important part in determining Liberty's All-Players All-America team. It is well to illustrate this point. If all Eastern teams were to play exclusively in the East, all Western teams on the Coast, and the other teams in their particular sections, without any intersectional clashes, it would be impossible to obtain a concise appraisal of their respective merits. The intersectional games, therefore, are a link uniting all sections in the fight for football supremacy and afford the opportunities for necessary comparisons.

Let us consider Notre Dame as an illustration. The South Bend boys have played games with Army, which, though national in scope, is regarded as an Eastern aggregation. They have also played University of Southern California, a strictly Western team, Georgia Tech from the South, and Kansas, a team from the Missouri Valley section.

Suppose Easterners were to regard the quarterback of Army as superior to the quarterback of Georgia Tech, and Southerners entertained the contrary view. Thus we would have a spirited discussion without any means of ever settling it unless the two quarterbacks opposed each other. That of course is impossible unless a game is scheduled. The All-Players All-America method of selecting the outstanding quarterback clarifies the situation.

Of the twenty men on the Notre Dame squad eligible to appraise the various opponents, 60 per cent of them might consider the Army quarterback superior and give him a fundamental rating of 95 per cent, while only 40 per cent of the Irish might declare in their forms that the signal caller from Georgia Tech, U. S. C., or Kansas is better and also rate him 95 per cent in fundamentals. The fundamental and voting percentage is combined and a composite percentage is reached. As in the case of the Army quarterback, we would add the voting percentage of 60 per cent to the 95 for fundamentals, and then divide that by two to reach his composite percentage of 77.5.

In sectional battles between Army and Navy or any other team in the East, Army's opposing twenty players might choose the West Point quarterback unanimously, thus bringing his percentage up considerably. When Army plays Virginia Poly, which would be an intersectional game, their quarterback might be selected by V. P. I. as better than any signal caller in V. P. I.'s section. Thus decreasing the chances of the quarterback opponents of V. P. I. from top honors. Or it might be that V. P. I. might not entertain that opinion but instead consider the quarterback from Duke, or any other quarterback they met, superior and rate him accordingly. Thus we see that by this method no section of the country has a monopoly in Liberty's All-Players All-America team and why it is essential for the men to play their best every week.

As soon as the 2,250 playing judges have filled in and returned the special printed forms, they will be compiled under this writer's personal direction, and the results will give you the only *real* All-America Football Team for 1938. If you want to know what players are rightfully entitled to Football's Hall of Fame, read Liberty.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1—Captain Robley D. Evans.

2—The Gideon Society (the gift Bibles went to hotels and institutions).

3—Green, white, and red.

4—One.

5—Texas Guinan.

6—Douglas Corrigan, who changed his name when ten, after his father left his mother. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was the hero of Corrigan's boyhood.

7—They lay eggs (other mammals don't).

8—Joel. Joel uses the locusts as a symbol of the hordes of his country's enemies.

9—Because their steel frames absorb radio waves and serve as lightning rods.

10—At Rome (St. Peter's).

11—"The world is so full of a number of things."

12—Extremely cold—approximately 180° below zero Fahrenheit.

13—Sap sago cheese.

14—Twenty.

15—Bismarck.

16—Apple.

17—Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman.

18—A light tank.

19—Platinum.

20—

Ernest Hemingway

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MEDICATED VICKS COUGH DROPS

PASSPORTS TO *Glamour*

Secrets behind the screen tests—A revelation

BY HELEN GILMORE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ONCE upon a time there was a legend that getting into the movies was easy. Gradually, however, nasty rumors began to filter through that there was such a thing as failure in Hollywood; that it was a pretty tough town and you had to be pretty smart to survive the eliminations.

Chief among the hazards mentioned was the screen test, with its accompanying babel of make-up men, wardrobe women, cameramen, hairdressers, soundmen, and light crews. It was the most important hurdle a newcomer must clear before getting a ticket to fame.

In stories of these movie tests are the laughter and tears, the defeat and the wild thrill of success that is Hollywood.

One of the most amusing of the tales, and one which came the closest to being a camera casualty, was that of a young woman whom you saw recently in the riotous Warner Brothers' picture Boy Meets Girl. Her name is Marie Wilson. Marie, not so far from her days as an enterprising student in a select Hollywood girls' school, decided she'd be different. Instead of using the continuity the studio provided, she wrote what she thought was a smart piece about a dumb cluck, that being the characterization she wanted to make her specialty.

It was meant to be very funny. Hollywood thought it was funny, all right, but didn't gather it was meant to be. Marie had presented herself in the role she could play best and had done it so convincingly that nobody knew she was playing.

Then one day Warners saw the test. They caught on and signed Marie. Now she is Hollywood's brightest dimwit.

However, the Warner eagle eye came near suffering from momentary astigmatism in the case of one of its most glowing prospects. John Garfield, slender, dark-eyed, dynamic, was rising from the ranks of the Le Gallienne group to Having Wonderful Time and Golden Boy. Warners' New York talent scout arranged a screen test. It was a good test, but at the time the studio had no part for such a strong off-trail type, so it was put aside.

Two men, however, remembered that test—Steve Trilling, Warners' casting director, and Irving Kumin, his right-hand man in Hollywood. Over and over they ran it, figuring, planning. The boy had "vibration"—the kind of quality, for example, they said, that compels you to turn around when a beautiful woman enters the room. If they could find the right part, get him to play it . . .

The answer to their "if" was the talented defeatist in Four Daughters which has made Garfield a star. His next appearance will be in Blackwell's Island.

Probably the classic of Hollywood pass-ups is the case of Deanna Durbin. After her voice began to create comment on the Eddie Cantor radio hour, one of the big studios made a test but did nothing about it. Months passed. Then Universal got stuck on a lively little B picture, Three Smart Girls. They had two girls but couldn't find a third. Finally somebody remembered the Durbin test. They dug it up. Furrowed brows stared at it anxiously. At any rate, the youngster was good for a couple of songs, even if she hadn't had much acting experience. They began to shoot the picture . . . and another star was born—the girl who made "the awkward age" captivating.

Certainly no movie test was ever as

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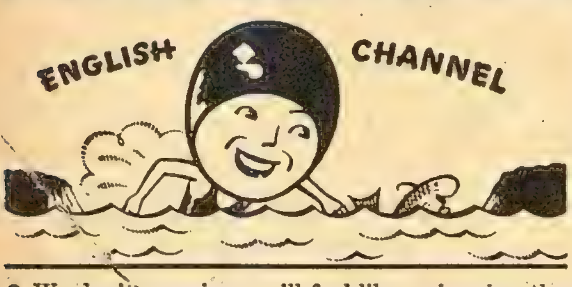

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PISO'S

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exciting as Errol (Robin Hood) Flynn's. At a time when that young man's fancy hadn't even remotely considered the personal possibilities of pictures that moved and talked, two Americans stood on the end of a dock in Rabaul, New Guinea. They wanted to charter Flynn's boat, the Maski, for a voyage up the Sepik River to take moving pictures of the headhunters, said Dr. Herman Erben.

Flynn finally agreed to take them on. Twelve days later, with twenty native police, they were entering the "uncontrolled territory."

They had plunged eight miles into the teeming jungle when a spear whizzed through the trees, and the fight was on. Flynn dropped behind a log and yelled instructions for the counterattack. While his heavy automatic whipped into action, another spear ripped across his ankle. Presently the attack ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Flynn moved cautiously back to where Erben was calmly winding his camera.

"Well, did you get your headhunters?"

"Nope," replied Erben cheerfully. "Got so interested in photographing you in action I forgot all about 'em."

A few weeks later Flynn received a wireless from an independent Australian motion-picture company which read: SAW ERBEN'S PICTURES OF YOU IN BRUSH WITH HEAD HUNTERS LIKE TO HAVE YOU PLAY LEAD IN FORTHCOMING PICTURE ENTITLED IN THE WAKE OF THE BOUNTY ROLE THAT OF FLETCHER CHRISTIAN

THERE'S an interesting instance of a second test on the M-G-M lot. It's a story of rediscovery, unusual because of the role played by the man who salvaged a girl's career. The man's name is Billy Grady, and he's known as the ace talent scout of the business. The girl is Ruth Hussey, whom Grady had picked from the Dead End company that played Los Angeles and who as a result had been given a contract with Metro.

She was on her way out. Her option was to expire the following day and Grady knew it would take more than words to persuade the front office to change their minds. So he phoned Ruth to get down and have the studio hairdresser give her a more sophisticated hair line. Then he phoned Adrian to send over a gown that had a lot of ladylike umph behind it. Make-up artist and cameraman were ready to shoot, the order of the day being simple, subtle sophistication.

Next day Grady called together the executives concerned and asked them to look at a new test for a picture soon to go into production.

The result: Ruth Hussey's dying option turned into the lead for Rich Man, Poor Girl.

Ginger Rogers has had a varied career in screen tests. The one that gave her her first Hollywood job showed a gawky kid with a Dutch bob and a lot of lank. For years that test acted as her nemesis. Every time she tried to persuade some one she could do more than lightweight roles, out would come the old test and back would go Ginger. Finally her mother induced Columbia to make a new test. As a result, better and more rounded parts began to come Ginger's way.

But the girl whose heels were the fastest in Hollywood and whose wisecracks were the best timed had still further dreams. She dreamed of playing Queen Elizabeth to Katharine Hepburn's Mary, Queen of Scots. The studio couldn't see it. Desperate, she resorted to a daring and theatrical ruse. Taking into her confidence a cameraman, a soundman, and a publicity representative, she created a fictitious person, Lady Ainsley, who had come all the way from England in her enthusiasm to make a test for the role of Queen Elizabeth. And make the test she did. What's more, it was excellent and was receiving serious consideration by studio heads when a local columnist got wind of the affair and played it up. Which was the last of Lady Ainsley.

But the test did one thing: it pointed up to RKO Ginger's dramatic possibilities. Stage Door was the answer.

IT'S hardly possible to think of Ginger Rogers without associating Fred Astaire. Just in case you haven't heard this test classic, let's repeat the Astaire legend.

When Fred began to think seriously of pictures, he had a general test made. In these tests a blackboard is held up before the camera on which appear the date, name of the testee, and a highly succinct description of same. The description on Astaire's read something like this: "Slight—not particularly good-looking." Then, under "Remarks," appeared the wary comment: "He also dances."

And how!

A few tests are accidents, like Dennis O'Keefe's, the new M-G-M heart find. Young O'Keefe's father had been famous in vaudeville. When he died, the boy followed in his footsteps on the variety boards and later played bits in Hollywood. Clark Gable and Jack Conway spotted him in Saratoga. Through their recommendation he got a chance to make a test for a bit in Rosalie. Then—

Harry Rapf was having cast trouble with Wallace Beery's picture, The Bad Man of Brimstone; couldn't find a romantic lead with sufficient virility. He stepped into a projection room with his friend Pete Smith to see one of the latter's celebrated shorts, and the projectionist by accident ran the test O'Keefe had made for Rosalie.

"That's my man!" cried Rapf.

And Dennis found himself head over heels in fame.

Oh, yes, they're passports to glamour, these celluloid rolls that come in tin cans. They carry your photograph. Fate must visa them. Then, if you're lucky, you cross the border into glory!

THE END

VICTOR HERBERT GOES 1938

With modern trimmings, a well-beloved operetta is reborn—and gives us Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy in modern dress

BY BEVERLY HILLS

SWEETHEARTS

3½ stars predicted if everything jells. Two popular stars who work splendidly together, a shrewd battery of hit manufacturers, and tried-and-true Victor Herbert music.

VICTOR HERBERT died too soon. This prolific Dubliner who was trained musically in Germany, who came to America to turn out melodies so fast and so easily in the old days, would have set Hollywood on its ears. Here they have taken one of his operettas, called in Dorothy Parker to wisecrack a new and modern story, had Herbert Stothart refurbish the orchestration, employed Bob Wright and Chet Forrest, who did that unforgettable Donkey Serenade for The Firefly, write new lyrics.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy play the famous co-stars of a musical show that has been running for six years. They can't escape the music wherever they go. If they enter a restaurant, the orchestra strikes up their hit music. The two decide to get away from it all—to go to Hollywood—but everybody plots to hold them. It's tough—and besides that, the two run into a romantic misunderstanding.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, November 9. The winner will be announced in the issue of December 17.

Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy have at least three potential song hits. One is the lovely Sweethearts waltz. The other likely hits are Pretty as a Picture and Every Lover Must Meet His Fate. Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy have sung and co-starred before, but this is the first time they have been in modern dress. Nervous Stutterer Frank Morgan is the producer of the hit show, the mad Russian, Mischa Auer, is the librettist of the piece, and intense Herman Bing is the composer. Ray Bolger, the musical-comedy comedian and dancer, gets another film break here as the comic of the show. Maybe he will catch on now. Up to this he has just missed, somehow. Watch for his Dutch wooden-shoe number.

José Iturbi, Spanish conductor-composer-pianist, handled the eighty-five-piece orchestra. At sound recordings he worked with baton in one hand, cigar in the other. The orchestra, by the way, appears in a scene representing a national radio broadcast, The Sweethearts Hour. The Albertina Rasch ballet, on its hundred educated toes, works hard in the background of several ornate scenes.

As a gesture in the direction of sentiment (Hollywood has it, too), Director W. S. Van Dyke started the production of Sweethearts on June 16, the first anniversary of Miss MacDonald's wedding to Gene Raymond.

In some of the shots Miss MacDonald wears a stunning diamond necklace—but the stones aren't really diamonds. Diamonds, being pure carbon, photograph as carbon. Studios have to substitute glass prisms to pick up the lights. Sweethearts, by the way, is in technicolor, the first of six Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer color films of the year.

This ought to be an ingratiating and lovely operetta.

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-

Douglas McPhail, who plays understudy to Nelson Eddy, and Jeanette MacDonald in a scene from Sweethearts.

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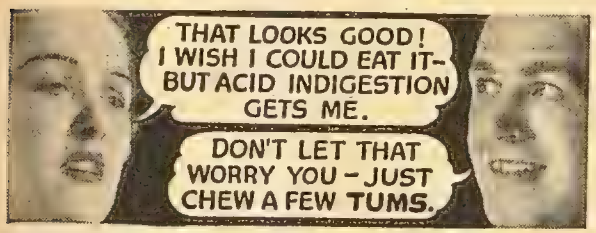
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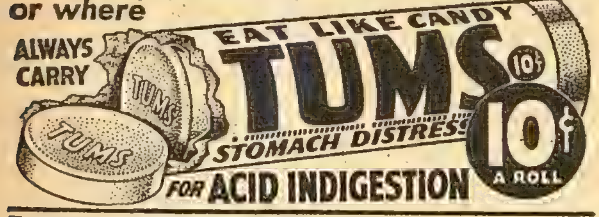

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Mayer. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest picture.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

3 stars predicted. Because it has Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon, and because its producer, Samuel Goldwyn, is a fearless film gambler who will spend and spend and spend to get a good picture.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has put our Gary Cooper back in a ten-gallon hat. I hasten to add that a flannel shirt, riding pants, and high-heel boots are part of the equipment, too. The main thing is that Gary is in a Western role. Remember how Goldwyn discovered him and put him in The Winning of Barbara Worth in 1926? That started Gary on his way to fame.

The plot: A young man from the Texas ranges meets and marries a pretty girl. Then—to his horror—he finds she's a rich senator's daughter, and she—to her consternation—discovers his name is Sylvester Willoughby. So the trouble starts.

The girl is Merle Oberon, the daughter of a British officer. She was born on the island of Tasmania. It is the first appearance of Merle and Gary together. In the cast you will find Fuzzy Knight, once a jazz orchestra drummer, now a specialist in cowboy roles. Fuzzy can play anything from a comb to a piano.

There's a heap of riding in the film. Some of it is contributed by Frances Miles, twelve years a Hollywood stunt girl. She is president of the Hollywood Riding and Stunt Girls' Association. There are some forty-five members, all good-looking, and they'll try anything once for a film thrill. They have a curious scale of prices, with a $16.50 minimum. They'll crash a car for $50, skid it (it's more dangerous) for $75, turn it over for $100, transfer from one plane to another in the air for $250. The cowboys in the film have their club, too. It's the Riding Actors' Association and includes cowpunchers, wranglers, and steer ropers.

Paul Widlicska, Goldwyn's miracle man, contributes his bit to the picture. It's a heavy fog on shipboard, usually produced by spraying compressed hot oil. Miss Oberon had a bad cold and he used medicated eucalyptus oil. (P.S.—It cured the cold.)

Maybe Cooper and Miss Oberon will turn out to be the new romantic team. Anyway, there's Gary, long, lean, and reticent. And Miss Oberon, lovely in sleek frocks.

Sam Goldwyn, who does odd things, had S. N. Behrman, writer of sophisticated stage comedies, work on the story. A helper was Gag Man Frank Ryan, fresh from aiding Harold Lloyd on Professor Beware.

Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest picture.

GANGSTER'S BOY

3 stars predicted. Jackie Cooper as the hero of a small-town drama—and Jackie is one of the best of Hollywood's younger crop of actors.

THE younger generation of movieland is getting the breaks these days. Jackie Cooper, who blew out the sixteen candles on his birthday cake at a Monogram studio party, back in September, is starred as a small-town high-school idol. He's tops in his studies, he's a fine athlete, he can play the drums. In brief, he's a social riot.

Larry Kelly lives with his mother when, out of a murky past in a distant city, comes papa. Daddy is Knuckles Kelly, ex-gangster and beer baron, and he takes a big house on the main street for his neglected wife and son. The town—resentfully—is up in arms. Presto! Larry hits the bottom of the social scale.

Jackie is a nice, unspoiled lad and a good enough actor to make this story reasonably dramatic. Just under six feet tall, he is in his third year at Beverly Hills High. He wants to be a dramatic character actor.

Jackie's heart interest is done by redheaded fifteen-year-old Lucy Gilman, fresh from the radio. George Bancroft was to have played Knuckles, but he was taken ill and the role went to Robert Warwick. A lot depends upon how well Warwick does Kelly, Senior.

Produced by Monogram.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Suez, You Can't Take It with You, Men with Wings, Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—If I Were King, The Great Waltz, The Sisters, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer.

★★★—Brother Rat, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe, Room Service, Garden of the Moon, Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivicious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot.

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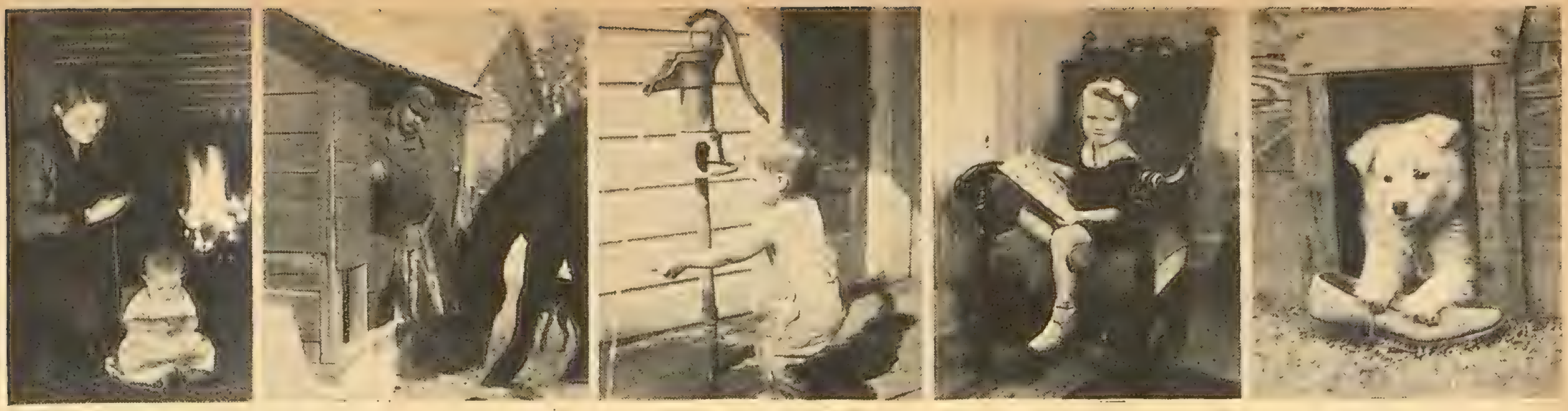
HONEY IN THE BOWL (Yellow)

Yello-Bole has *real honey in the bowl*. The honey seeps into the briar wood as you smoke, and *keeps on* blending its flavor with the pipe. Result: Yello-Bole starts sweet, *stays* sweet. You spend $20 or more a year for tobacco, and $1 spent on Yello-Bole will make tobacco much more enjoyable.

YOUR NEXT PIPE

$1 YELLO-BOLE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



FOCUS YOUR CAMERA ON A PRIZE!

YOU'VE AN EXCELLENT CHANCE TO WIN IN LIBERTY'S

$2,100 Cash Prize

INTERNATIONAL

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS CONTEST

THIS is the second opportunity to win a cash prize in Liberty's ten-week Home Life Snapshots series. Don't neglect it! Your chance to win is excellent. Every home everywhere offers under its roof or about its grounds scenes of prize-winning quality. You don't even need to own a camera in order to win. You can borrow one from a friend if you wish. Remember, it's the human interest your picture captures that will count with the judges. Quality of photography need be only good enough for reproduction. You don't need to turn in a professional-appearing print. In fact professional photographers are not eligible under the rules of this contest.

The rules give complete instructions on how to win. Be sure that you understand them thoroughly. In this connection, if you wish, you may send your entries by registered mail. Thus you are assured of positive delivery, and receipt may be obtained at your post office.

This week's contest closes Monday, November 21, which gives ample time for any Liberty reader to file an entry in time to reach us before the dead line. The judging will be handled with all possible speed once the entries are in. The mechanics of printing and distributing an issue of Liberty consume some five weeks. Therefore you can expect to learn the first week's winners early in December, and other lists of winners will appear in each following issue until all are published.

Advertisement

HUNDREDS OF ADDITIONAL WEEKLY AWARDS
OF
MASTER BLUE RIBBON
PHOTO FINISHERS' **ENLARGEMENTS**
To Entrants in this
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS all over United States will make these additional awards for the best pictures entered in each locality through their dealers, after which they will be forwarded direct for entry into the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot contest.

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THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.
4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

Send no negatives until requested.

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Praises Our "What Hitler Will Do Next" Scoop

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Is Liberty prophetic? I'll say so. And whoever read What Hitler Will Do Next, by George Sylvester Viereck (May 14 Liberty), will agree with me that the world-shaking events of last September were astonishingly forecast nearly five months ahead of time!

In that article Viereck said: " Hitler believes that the majority of the 3,500,000 Germans parceled out to Czechoslovakia gaze wistfully across the border. *In one form or another, they will return to Germany.*" (Italics mine.) And Viereck said further: " Hitler's first move will be to consolidate his gains, to penetrate the Danubian countries economically and psychologically."

Seven other objectives were given, as follows:

" 1. An understanding with Italy and England; friendship with Japan and (if possible) the United States.

" 2. Liberation of Europe from the hegemony of France.

" 3. The destruction of ' international capitalism ' and ' international Marxism,' which, to Hitler, represent the two faces of Judaism.

" 4. Consolidation, so far as feasible, of all Germans in Mid-Europe under the flag of Greater Germany.

" 5. German leadership in Central Europe; the penetration of the Balkans with (but not against) Italy; and the resurrection of the road from Berlin to Bagdad with (but not against) Great Britain.

" 6. The restoration of Germany's colonies and the acquisition of raw materials on a gigantic scale.

" 7. Expansion in Europe at the expense of Russia."

After Czechoslovakia, what next? Now that Hitler has, to quote Viereck again, " an understanding with Italy and England," let us be prepared for another Teuton coup within a year.

Come on, Liberty, predict some more! Look into the crystal ball of your common sense and imagination and shoot! If the leading statesmen of the world only had your prophetic soul, history might be written differently.—*Felix.*

DID POE REALLY WRITE THAT STORY?

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Since you have published The Spectacles: The Lost Short Story by Edgar Allan Poe (September 24 Liberty), doubtless there will be quite a controversy whether Poe did or did not write this story. May I have a voice in it?

Since Poe was born and reared in Richmond, Virginia, had he written this story he would not have made the mistake of writing, " A willow on the lawn dropped the rain of its green leaves into the *Thames,*" as Richmond is on the *James* River. Also in Richmond there has *never* been—in 1840 or 1938—a " modern Arcady of pretty cottages " near enough to the James River for " the rain of its green leaves " to drop into the James River from any cottage's lawn whatever.

The Allan place, home of the foster parents of Poe, the *rear* of which faced the James River, was even too far away to " sling a cat."

Poe could never have made all of these mistakes had *he* written The Spectacles. Tell me, do you think he could?—*Ethyt McCurdy Bostic.*

[Ethyt McCurdy Bostic intelligently brings to light an excellent point overlooked in the article. The Richmond in Poe's story of The Spectacles is not Richmond, Virginia, as many might suppose, but Richmond, England. This Richmond is one of the most beautiful residential suburbs of London, situated about nine miles from the heart of the city, on hill slopes between the right bank of the River Thames and gorgeous Richmond Park, for centuries the royal hunting grounds.

Celebrated for the beauty of its homes and as a boating center, it could not help but make a vital impression on Edgar Allan Poe, who was educated for more than five years in and around London.

What could be more natural than that in Poe's earliest story he should use as the locale the only beauty spot then familiar to him?

The double allusion to Richmond, Virginia, where Poe spent the balance of his boyhood, fascinated his imaginings. How impressed Poe was with London is shown by his celebrated autobiographical tale, William Wilson, wherein he originates the dual personality, a theme afterward used by Robert Louis Stevenson in his famous tale, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Poe herein describes his Manor House School at Stoke Newington, London, England, and it was on one of his pilgrimages from this school that he became acquainted with the beauties of Richmond, England, now so well described by him as " the modern Arcady of pretty cottages."—*Richard Gimbel.*

Poe Script: E. McC. Bostic errs in believing Richmond was Poe's birthplace. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts.]

HOLD PAGE 47 UP TO THE LIGHT

JACKSON, TENN.—A number of questions with one answer:

1. What caused the squint on Frankie Frisch's face on page 47, September 24 Liberty?
2. Would you squint under the circumstances?
3. Did he get a dirty deal from the Cardinals?
4. What causes Dizzy Dean to gush like he does?
5. What is in his head besides a vacuum?
6. Would you say he was a horse's neck?

For correct answers to the above questionnaire hold page 47 up to the light. —*E. P. Reardon.*

A MIRACLE OF PRAYER

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Power of prayer was never proved in more dramatic fashion than this:

In Australia there lived a woman and her two children, in a hotel overlooking the sea. The little ones liked to play on the beach, and the mother sometimes let them go out alone, as she could generally keep a watchful eye on them from her windows.

One morning a man came sauntering along the beach and was surprised to hear a child's voice saying over and over, " God, put love all around me! God, put love all around me! "

His curiosity aroused, he walked around the obstruction that screened her from his view, and what he saw froze him stiff with horror. For there, close to the water, stood a little girl, and an octopus was winding slimy tentacles around her. And still the calm small voice kept repeating, " God, put love all around me! "

Presently the tentacles relaxed and dropped from around the little one and the monster slid back into the water, leaving the child standing there unharmed. God had put His love around her!—*A. K. B.*

POLLOCK'S LARGEST PIECE OF DYNAMITE

NORFOLK, VA.—Having just read What Makes an American, by Channing Pollock (September 10 Liberty), I wish to state that it is the largest (4 minutes ● 40 seconds) piece of dynamite I have ever read in your magazine, and I have been reading it for a long time. It gives the most thorough definition of an American it has ever been my pleasure to read.

This article should be printed in block letters and posted on every bulletin board, and broadcast from every radio station, in the United States and its possessions.

I might add that the publication of articles of this type is one of the reasons, to my way of thinking, Liberty is one of the outstanding publications of today. Give us more like it.—*Alfred T. Williams.*

OMITTED QUOTES LENGTHEN READING TIME!

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Is there something wrong with Liberty's linotype, or with Walter Brooks?

I have noticed recently that quotation marks are always left out of book titles, and sometimes in direct address.

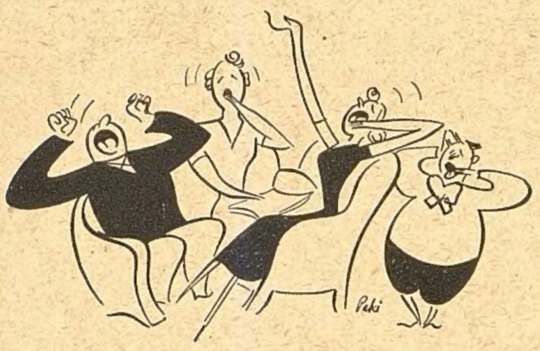
In From Worse to Better (September 24 Liberty) I found not one direct address enclosed in quote marks. This lengthens the stated reading time considerably, as you have to reread practically the whole story to construe its meaning. No foolin'.

Let's remedy either the machine or the authors.—*N. O. R.*

A DIRTY DIG, MR. COLLINS

CHICAGO, ILL.—I see by the papers that a woman in Oak Park, Illinois, has been yawning for a whole week.

Ho, hum! I too read the article The Stroud Twins and Their Past by Frederick L. Collins, in September 17 Liberty.—*John Filser.*



" ONLY KNOWLEDGE CAN SAVE DEMOCRACY "

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.—In his editorial Only Knowledge Can Save Democracy (September 10 Liberty) Bernarr Macfadden said the most vitally important things that were ever published in Liberty or anywhere else. The editorial's title explains what he said. The only weakness in his article was that he did not urge the application of this same principle to every problem of civilization. Let me elucidate a bit.

Of the legion of delusions under which we labor, none is more obvious or less excusable than our childlike, almost imbecilic notion that government—*any kind of government*—can ever solve our problems.

Everybody knows already that *we need less government and more enlightenment.* Let's begin immediately to pave the way, through education for every man, woman, and child in the fundamental law of life, to the solution and eventual abolition of every human problem. It can be done only through education, never through government. *Let's make America and the world safe for intelligence!—Stanford Kingsley Claunch.*

DARWIN'S THEORY IN FOR NEW ARGUMENT

PRINCETON, IDA.—I feel that we are approaching another big argument over Mr. Darwin's theory, but it's not going to start in Tennessee. After reading the political and economic theories of some of our leading thinkers and publications I am convinced that the next protest will come from the apes. —*Evon Guernsey.*

A HANDFUL OF WORTH-WHILE BOYS AND A PUP

CHESTERTON, IND.—Our school for boys, Earnkirk, was founded five years ago on account of Bill, just past thirteen. Bill's world had crashed. And because of Bill and nine other Bills, Mrs. Earnshaw and I came out to this little Indiana town and founded Earnkirk, to give our Bills and Jacks and Hollises the things they needed to give them the opportunity of growing into valuable men.

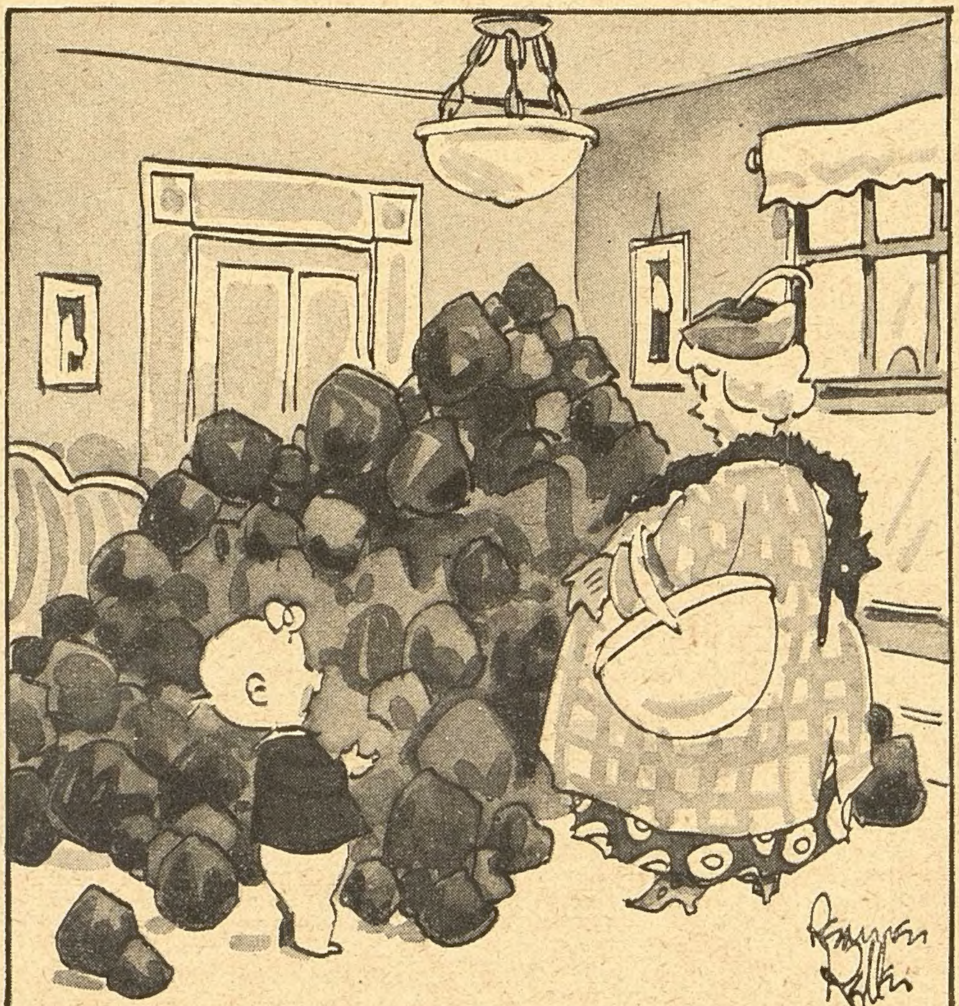
We had $500, ten boys, and a pup. It was a hard struggle. But in five years Bill and Hollis, two of our brightest boys, have entered college.

Because we despise the word charity in connection with sturdy American boys, we called our school a " private school." Parents paid tuition, based on ability to pay. We tried to make Earnkirk an old-fashioned home, with a father and mother deeply interested in their boys.

Alas, the heartbreaking part about it all is that Mrs. Earnshaw and I had to quit. We worked so long without plant, equipment, or money that we reached the end of our resources.

Earnkirk wasn't incorporated, hadn't any material possessions. It was just a mere handful of worth-while boys and a pup, with Mrs. Earnshaw and I trying to give them a chance.—*A. C. Earnshaw.*

"HARDTACK"

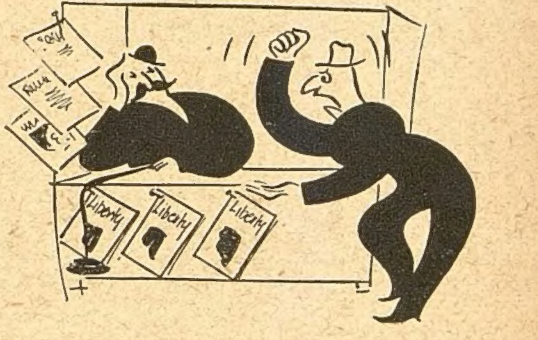


" Mrs. Brady wasn't home, ma, so I told the coal man he could leave it here."

NO SHORT SHORT—NO NICKEL

COLLEGE PARK, GA.—Since September 17 Liberty I have been hard to live with. There was no Short Short in it. I would like to have my nickel back.—*Rae N. Neville.*

P.S. Make it two nickels. I just bought the September 24 issue.



INDIAN SINGING COMES FROM WATER

MERIDIAN, MISS.—What Was That Noise? by Frank Clay Cross (September 17 Liberty), covered a great many strange sounds that come from the earth and water. There is one at certain times of the year to be heard near Gautier, Mississippi, on the singing river (as it is called), near the mouth of the Pascagoula River. It is the sound of beautiful Indian singing that comes out of the water. Tradition says that a boatload of Indians were drowned at this spot.—*Dr. M. W. Gantt, O. D.*

YAZOO CITY, MISS.—For seventeen years I have had occasion to visit the southern part of Mississippi. Rumblings could be constantly heard, although the skies were clear and no dynamiting or blasting was going on near by, until the first gas well was successfully " brought in " in the Jackson field. Since this pressure has been relieved, rumblings have ceased.

Perhaps Professor Herman L. Fairfield is correct when he says the noises arising from Seneca Lake are natural gas bubbles.—*Lloyd Earl Morris.*

MRS. McLEAN IS ONE IN A MILLION

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Pray what kind of people are they who would criticize Mrs. McLean for her zeal in keeping on the search for the Lindbergh kidnapers? She is one in a million because she does, and any mind that attributes it to self-seeking on her own account is too small and petty to merit concern.

If there were more people of wealth who would use their time and money in running down crime or advancing a good cause, there would be less trouble in the country.—*Mary Wright.*

And Next Week—Neville Chamberlain

YOU ARE ALL INVITED to meet the Prime Minister of Great Britain here next week and learn from him directly his views on The Price of Peace. . . . Naturally, we are proud to play the part of host in our pages to so distinguished a contributor. . . . He will bring to our millions of liberals with common sense a document of exciting and timely importance. . . . Not an article in the strict sense of the word, this compilation of his views, taken from many addresses before the Political Science Institute is personally authorized by Mr. Chamberlain so that the public may better understand his long-considered views on war and peace, views that moved him so valiantly that he found himself face to face with Adolf Hitler in two interviews on which hung the peace of mankind. . . . Opinions differ as to the wisdom of Chamberlain's policy. . . . A vast and grateful majority think he performed a historic service of incalculable value; to this, by far the larger part of world opinion, he is a great hero. . . . A minority disagree. . . . Those in that minority feel he sold out freedom for security and got a gold brick for his pains. . . . Only time can tell whether the majority or the minority is right. . . . Meanwhile we can all thank God that we have peace today instead of war, and we can hope and pray that the statesmanship of Chamberlain will lead to an abiding and world-wide tranquillity. . . . Throughout the United States there is this feeling of gratitude mixed with an abysmal distrust of the German and Italian dictators and an ingenital hatred for all that is meant by the totalitarian form of government. . . . The feeling toward Chamberlain is friendlier than ever before. Nowhere, until now, has there appeared a complete statement of the Prime Minister's peace philosophy which led to his flights to Germany, his face-to-face tussle with the dictators. . . . The statement, with the author's sanction, will appear in these pages next week. . . . We believe that this is a feature of more than momentary importance; it is a document of world significance, and we urge you all to read it. . . . TWO EXCEPTIONAL short stories will also feature our forthcoming issue: Jig Saw, by Phyllis Gordon Demarest; and Once It Happened, by Achmed Abdullah. . . . Bette Davis brings you an unexpected literary sandwich, made up of advice and autobiography, in a disarmingly frank piece called Burn Your Bridges! . . . The Devil on Ice, by Jerry D. Lewis, will tell you something new and timely about hockey. . . . There will be other articles, stories, and installments of the current serials—the best we have published, as you know, in a long time. . . . BREATHLESS TELEPHONE CALL from Baynard Kendrick to say how much pleased he was with the illustrations for his story, Billie Magee and the Dumb Gorilla, in the October 15 issue. . . . John Clymer, the artist, can take a bow on that one. . . . Letter from J. Edgar Hoover tells a vivid tale. . . . Thieves last spring stole twenty hogs from the J. E. Cave farm near Adel, Iowa. . . . Sheriff Clint Knee took charge. . . . He and his deputy, Evan Burger, made plaster casts of tire and foot impressions. . . . Pretty good for an Iowa sheriff. . . . But wait! . . . Knee did something much more remarkable. . . . He found an old set of truck sideboards, used in the loading of hogs. . . . Some faint pencil writing was found on one of the sideboards, but it could not be read, even with a microscope. . . . Now, what would *you* have done? . . . Here is what Sheriff Knee did: . . . He promptly ordered infra-red photographs made of the illegible writing. . . . The subsequent enlargements brought out the name clearly and distinctly. . . . Within a short time thereafter the hog thief was caught and made a full confession. . . . How did the Iowa sheriff learn to be so smart? . . . You may well ask. . . . The answer is important to every American community, large or small. . . . There is a man in Sheriff Knee's office—his name is Harold J. E. Gesell—who is a graduate of the National Police Academy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. . . . Sheriff Knee brought in those boards, and Gesell put into use the knowledge he obtained at the academy. . . . If your police department has no graduate from the G-men's Police Academy, your community is losing out! . . . Oh, yes, there was another little matter we would like to mention. . . . Last April 9, Jerry D. Lewis wrote us an article, Which Teams Will Win the Pennants This Year? . . . Yes, he named the Chicago Cubs and the New York Yankees, and picked the Yankees to win the World Series.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Shall We Vote for the New Deal?........Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

Luck Is the Bunk.......................Walter de Steiguer 7
Day Before Yesterday...............Margaret E. Sangster 31
The Third Witness—Liberty's Short Short........Roy Hilligoss 47

SERIALS

That's My Story—Part II...Douglas "Wrong-Way" Corrigan 16
Magnificent Fool—Part V..................Walton Green 22
Rhode Island's Murder Syndicate—Part IV
U. S. Marshal John J. Murphy 37
Lose the Woman!—Part VIII...........Whitman Chambers 48

ARTICLES

The Hidden Master of the New Deal....Frederick L. Collins 4
Debunking the Immorality of Modern Youth
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 12
The Challenge to Decency..........Frederick Lewis 14
Thomas E. Dewey's self-expressed fighting creed
The American Way of Life.............George E. Sokolsky 28
Will the Oxford Movement Bring Peace to Europe?
Kenaston Twitchell 35
Coming!—Liberty's All-Star All-Players Football Team
Norman L. Sper 53
Passports to Glamour..........................Helen Gilmore 55

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 21; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 45; Crossword Puzzle, 46; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 57; $2,100 Home Life Snapshots Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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